NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Editor.

VOLUME II. Without Concealment-----Without Compromise. DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1841.

NUMBER 18.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At 143, Nassau street, New-York.

Oliver Johnson, General Agent:

☞ To whom all remittances are to be made, and all letters addressed, relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper.

☞ Letters relating to the editorial department should be addressed to LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

TERMS.—$2,00 per annum, in advance; $3,00 if payment is delayed until the end of the year.

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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

"We took him setting of boys' copies. Here's a villain!"

From the New Orleans "Crescent City," of Aug. 11.

NEGROES.

We opine that if a stricter search than at present is practised were instituted over this city, vast numbers of negroes might be caught *in the act of learning to read*, from white abolitionists. It is not long since that we heard of a slave owner in the upper part of this city, who, on hearing for several nights, successively, a low, murmuring sound in the [illegible] of his negroes, went to [illegible] rooms [illegible] listen, finally, to see what it was about. He found a cluster of 3 or 4 with books in their hands, *attempting the practice of reading*, and on inquiry, found farther that they had been in the habit of paying 50 cents a week each, to a schoolmaster in the neighborhood for his *abolition philanthropy* in the premises. It is very certain that our slaveholders cannot watch their negroes too narrowly, and if we wish to remain as we now are, a compact and *contented* people, *every one of them thus caught reading, or trying to learn, should be visited with lashes.*

At a large meeting, held in Natchez, Mississippi, it was unanimously resolved:

Whereas we have learned from sources entitled to our confidence, that the spirits of fanaticism, bribery, and corruption, have organized throughout most of the non-slaveholding States of this Union, associations of men and women, denominated abolitionists, the artful leaders of whom are under the pay of *secret agents of the East India Company of England*, whose object is, the destruction of slave labor in the United States, whereby to enable said Company to monopolize the production of cotton and sugar in their East India possessions.

That these leaders (many of whom act under the prostituted cloak of religion,) usually select the most unprincipled of our species as their agents and co-laborers, covered with the same garb, who have, by a series of fabricated tales of misery and of wo, so operated upon a large portion of benevolent females, and weak, credulous men of the northern and free States, as to have organized extensive societies for the purpose of agitating the question of the power of the General Government to abolish slavery in the slaveholding States, and by any means, regardless of right, to effect the end. That encouraged by the popular approbation, expressed or implied, which they have received in the non-slaveholding States, they have become emboldened in their enterprise, and have succeeded in one or more States, in procuring the passage of laws preventing, in effect, the recapture, by the master, of his slave, fled or stolen into such State. The executive of another has, in violation of the Constitution, of the United States, refused to "deliver up," on the demand of the executive authority of one of the slaveholding States, from which he fled, a slave charged with crime, and a fugitive from justice, demanded to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime. The judicial functionary in another of those free States has declared, in the decision of a case pending before him, that a slave, the moment he enters upon the soil of such State, or is within its jurisdiction, is thereby free, and that there is no process under the Constitution or laws of such State, whereby be can he recovered by his owner. That the said societies have in their employment, and pay, numerous emissaries, sent into the southern slaveholding States, with large numbers of forged and counterfeit certificates of freedom, and of free passes, with instructions to use these certificates to induce the slave to desert his master; advising him to take whatever property or effects of his master he can get hold of; inducing him to believe such act is not criminal or felonious, but that it is by the laws of nature his, the slave's, property, if having been produced by his, or a portion of his labor; and furnishing him with evidence of freedom, by means of which to make his escape to a free State, where other members of said society are ready to receive and protect him. That these societies have artfully resorted to the practice of employing free negroes, as the most efficient agents in such work. That they have succeeded to an alarming extent in running off our slaves, or those of our fellow citizens, to said free States, where they are hid from the pursuit and recapture of their masters. That these emissaries have strove to excite our slaves to hopes of freedom, and to acts of rebellion, whereby they are rendered unhappy and discontented; imposing upon their masters the necessity of the exercise of greater restraint upon their privileges than they otherwise would; all which tends to excite them to acts of rebellion, leading to bloodshed and massacre.

Therefore, be it resolved, That there be appointed a committee of five persons, to be styled the Committee of Safety, residents of the city of Natchez; whose duty it shall be to adopt all lawful measures for the apprehension and punishment of such agents and emissaries of the abolitionists, as may be found within our city or country; and to correspond with our friends every where, for the purpose of ascertaining their movements and actions.

Resolved, That the Union of these States was made in order to ☞ *establish justice*, ☜ insure domestic tranquillity, promote the ☞ *general welfare*, ☜ and ☞ *secure the blessings of liberty.* ☜ to those who formed it, and to their posterity. We regard that class of men called abolitionists, as enemies to the Union, dangerous to southern repose, and the peace of our country. We regard the great mass as the ignorant and weak instruments of a bigoted fanaticism; the residue, the hought-up tools of English gold, and their corrupt hirelings. The first are the objects of our pity and contempt; the residue shall be subjects of our justice when caught among us.

Resolved, That if the people of the non-slaveholding States, are the friends of the Union, of our Constitution and its perpetuity, that they can alone manifest it by assisting us in the recapture of our property, wherever it may be found amongst them, and by the punishing with due penalties all who steal, hide, or run it from our recovery.

Resolved, That if experience shall teach us that our countrymen of the non-slaveholding States shall continue a deaf ear to our complaints, for wrongs done us in regard to our domestic servants, then we will inform to them as we now do—That, with the blessings of God, we can produce our own meat and our own bread. That we can produce the raw material and manufacture our own clothing. That we have the physical power to work, and can rear up our own mechanics; qualify for the purpose our own teachers and schoolmasters, whereby to educate our own children, and rear them up and qualify them for such of the professional pursuits as may be required among us. And with His special gift, endow those of our children or brethren, whom He shall select to minister at his holy altar, without the occasion, as has been our practice, of calling upon our countrymen of the north and free States, for any such comforts, wants, or blessings. And that if we cannot sojourn amongst them in peace, as friends, without insult, or with safety to our property, as recent acts of some of said States seem to indicate, we feel at liberty, and assuredly will, divert our intercourse, and our commerce, to such other families of the earth, amongst whom we may find more respect for the one, and security for the other.

Temperance.

From the Wilmington Temperance Standard.

TO GEORGE F. WHITE, OF NEW-YORK.

LETTER III.

"And now I say unto you, refrain from these men and let them alone: for if this counsel, or this work, be of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God, ye cannot overturn it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Though the fruits of the temperance effort furnish a mass of evidence that cannot be resisted by the candid and unprejudiced mind, yet there are some persons who cavil at incidental questions, and who would turn aside the whole current of reform, because they are not pleased with every means that has been employed.

It is true that thou and I may find some things to object to in the measures that have been practised in advancing the great work. Things have not been done exactly as we could wish; but let us rejoice that good is accomplished, and human happiness promoted, even though the means may not have been precisely such as we should have advised.—Let us profit by the lesson given by Christ to his disciples, who had seen some persons "casting out devils," and in the zeal of new converts, had forbidden them, because they had not chosen to unite with the disciples in religious fellowship. "Forbid them not," said Jesus, "for they that are not against us are for us." Let us avoid that illiberal and contracted view which acknowledges no right authority to good beyond the limits of a [illegible] which sees [illegible] particular sect; and [illegible] beneath the rituals and observances of others nothing but form and hypocrisy.

Objection is sometimes made, that in carrying on the temperance enterprise, men have been employed by others, and paid for their services; and this is thought to involve the testimony of the Society of Friends, against a stipendiary ministry. It appears to me, that our testimony on this point is not likely to be advanced by such a forced construction. We might, with just as much reason, indeed with greater propriety, apply it to teachers of schools, and take the position, that a school teacher who receives pay for his services, is a hireling in the obnoxious sense of the word. I am disposed to place the temperance enterprize on the same footing. There is much of science involved in it—Chemistry, Physiology, Political Economy and other departments of human study, hold a close relation to the principles of the Temperance reformation. It addresses itself to the understanding—it appeals to the reason. When we meet with an individual who has the proper knowledge, and the ability to impart it, and whose life and conversation are consistent, shall we refuse to avail ourselves of his labors, because he must be paid a salary? No more than we should refuse for the same reason, to employ a person to teach grammer and arithmetic to our children, and to regulate their dispositions, and guard their morals.

I have no doubt that many have engaged in the work of temperance from purely mercenary motives. Whatever of wrong there may be in this, it is their own business, not mine.

But we should not overlook the fact that the principal amount of service in this cause, has been entirely gratuitous, and of course, free from the objection under consideration. There are great numbers of men who have labored arduously, almost from the first, and who, so far from receiving hire, have wasted their substance and encountered persecution and reviling. Who shall judge these men?

There may have been among the [illegible] advocates of temperance, some who forgot their principles, or who never had fixed principles. There have been numbers of individuals who were regarded as reformed from intemperance, and who have relapsed into their evil habits. But what of this? Remember Peter—remember Judas.

It has been objected that the temperance society, tends to weaken religious motive, by substituting the obligation of a pledge; and that something more than a mere pledge is needed, to reform men from vice. Here again I would appeal to the *fruits*.—We have full opportunity of judging by the practical results, whether the temperance cause impairs the religious sensibilities of its subjects. Every where we shall meet with a triumphant refutation of the charge. The very reverse is true, almost without exception. By adopting the temperance pledge, men are awakened to a sense of their obligations and responsibilities, and their consciences are aroused. In many cases they are at once removed from the contaminating influence of evil associates. They are led on in this way step by step, until, in the end, they become, in heart and in conduct, religious men. I believe a wide door has been thrown open by the temperance associations, through which many of the most degraded of our race have found rest for their souls. And I hope that countless numbers are yet to enter the same door. I regard the temperance pledge, in many cases, to be the first step in the path of salvation.

That "something more" than a mere pledge is requsite to reform men from vice, will not be denied. But whether is that "something" more likely to be gained without the pledge or with it?—In a grog-shop or in a temperance society?

It is sometimes urged as an objection to such associations, that they admit into their fellowship men of all classes, however sunk in vice. The self-righteous professors of old, raised a similar objection to the Founder of the Christian religion, because he sat down with publicans and sinners. I can hardly stop to give a serious answer to such an objection. The diffusive influence of this enterprise, forms one of its brightest traits. Its arms are extended to embrace the whole human family. Were it possible to undo the past, it would go back to the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, and strive to avert the doom of those guilty cities. Nay, it would call upon the graves of Babylon to give forth their dead—it would strike hands with the vilest of the vile, and lead them to a better fate than their drunkenness inflicted on them.

Some members of the Society of Friends are averse to their fellow-members uniting with those of other denominations for the promotion of moral purposes. They are afraid of the effects of such intercourse on the principles of those who are exposed to it. I have no such fear, nor do I believe that experience will warrant it. Were I to speak for myself, I am satisfied that my intercourse with others in the temperance cause has served to put me on my guard, and to excite me to consistency in the support of the testimonies of Friends. And I believe this will be found to be the case in general. Those of our members who have co-operated with others in the temperance effort, do not appear to have lost their Quakerism, nor their attachment to the Society. In various instances where some individuals in a family have engaged in this co-operation, and others have observed almost uniformly that the former class are more concerned for the testimonies of Friends than the latter. It is perhaps worthy of a moment's thought, why some Friends object so strenuously to their fellow members "mingling with the world" in benevolent and moral enterprises, while they are silent about such "mingling" in banking and insurance companies, and other associations for making money.

I have allotted more space than I contemplated to these incidental considerations. In my next letter I will consider the objections which the Bible is supposed to furnish against the principles of the temperance reform.

Thy friend, H. G.

NERVES MORE TENDER THAN CONSCIENCE.—There are men who will tolerate any infliction of pain or suffering on their dependents, provided it be not done under their sight; but were they compelled to witness the cruelties performed by their orders, they would shrink from the infliction; and many a man's character for humanity is built on no better foundation than this, that he has no nerves for enduring the sight of human sufferings; but remove the sufferer from his sight, and bring the pains and anguish of his victim by other means to his knowledge, and he has no feelings for them, and no perception of his own insensibility.

The Standard.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Extracted from a Report made to the Legislature of New-York, 1841.

It is urged that life being the greatest good, and the love of life the deepest and strongest instinct in the breast of man, the fear of its loss, in retributive penalty for crime, must be the most effective restraint upon its perpetration.

* * * * * *

The fallacy of this, it will not be very difficult to show, in the most conclusive manner. It is a great mistake to suppose that an uncertain fear of death is the strongest motive which can be addressed to the minds of men, to deter them from the commission of any act to which they are urged by any powerful impulse, either of passion or interest. Of this a thousand illustrations are familiar to all. "There is no passion in the mind of man so weak," says Bacon, "but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear pre-occupieth it; nay, we read, after Otho, the emperor, had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers." How constantly do we behold men embarking in enterprises of great danger, for very inconsiderable inducements of gain. How many mechanical employments are there, known to be certainly fatal to health and life [illegible] few years, and yielding after all [illegible] profit above that of [illegible] a small rate of [illegible] other occupations, which are yet [illegible]duced and pursued by those who best know their certain and early consequences; while the very fact that the rates of wages for such employments range comparatively so little higher than those of others, proves the readiness with which a much greater number would engage in them, on the inducement of even the smallest advance of those rates. The shattered fragments of vessels, and lifeless bodies of their crews, that yearly strew our coasts, operate as no restraint to deter tens and hundreds of thousands from adopting a profession of great hazard and hardship, compensated by wages much below the general scale of the remuneration of labor on shore; and the first care of the sailor, whose life has just been almost miraculously saved from a recent shipwreck, is only to find another vessel in which again to face the same peril. In seasons of pestilence, for the hundreds who fly from before its deadly presence, to the security of distance and change of scene, there are always thousands who remain, not merely compelled by the destitution of means for escape, but from comparatively insignificant motives of convenience or advantage. The military force of the various nations of the earth is only to be numbered by millions. In none—not even in the most enlightened and prosperous—is there found any difficulty in filling the ranks of their vast armies, or the crowded decks of their ships of war, with men who, by adopting such a profession, voluntarily undertake expressly to pledge their lives for a trifling pittance of pence *per diem*, in which, while theirs are all the burden and the toil, they can never hope to reap any of those honors or rewards, which may afford a higher stimulus to the limited number of their officers, who alone can dream of aspiring to them.—And the history of that profession abounds at every page, with instances of a disregard of life the most reckless, for inducements the most trifling, alone sufficient to set at rest the question now under consideration. The extent to which the practice of duelling has prevailed, and yet does prevail in some countries, and in a large portion of our own, ought to be regarded as decisive on this point. For offence or insult the most [illegible]ly no cause at all, but a fear of the opinion of that part of the community whose opinion is the least entitled to regard—men will stand up, deliberately, within a few paces of the muzzle of the loaded pistol. And this will be done, not only by the coward the most arrant, in all matters affording an occasion for the display of a true moral bravery, but also by those who have the clearest and strongest convictions, on grounds of principle, both of the sinfulness and the foolishness of the conduct of which they yet suffer themselves to be guilty. And still more strikingly than in any of the former instances—in all of which the danger of death, though great and imminent, is not certain—is this truth, manifested in the practice of suicide, which is at times observed to prevail with an appalling frequency; and to be committed not alone in moments of phrenzy by persons driven to madness, by an intense pressure of affliction or disappointed passion, but coolly and deliberately, by persons whose sole motive is often mere pecuniary embarrassment, or other causes, of a nature which would seem infinitely disproportionate to such an effect.

We all know our certain doom to die. We all receive daily admonitions of our own liability at any hour, at any moment, to receive the unrelenting summons by which so many are hurried away from before our very eyes, often without an instant of warning or preparation. However little we are accustomed to suffer our reflections to rest upon this great and universal truth, it lies there in reality as the dark back-ground to all our plans, notions, thoughts, feelings—in a word, to our whole life.—And yet how little are we influenced or affected by that knowledge. And the addition of another to the many chances of death which surround our every step, does not, when under the impulse of any very powerful motive of action, operate as a restraining influence of any very great force upon our mind.

"The punishment of death," says an able report by Lepelletier to the National Assembly of France, in 1791, "while it produces a great injury to the public morals, has no influence to arrest crime. It is a violent remedy, which, without curing the disease, corrupts and enervates the system of the body politic. Nothing is less repressive in its tendency than the simple fear of death. Nature, it is true, has planted in the breast of man the desire of preserving his own existence; but side by side with that instinct is found the certainty that he must one day die. The conscious necessity familiarizes him with the idea; he accustoms himself to contemplate, without any great effort, the moment when he will cease to live. Prejudice, vice, crime itself, have often this same element in common with virtue, contempt of death. Every nation, every caste, every profession, every individual, is susceptible of this sentiment. Among the Indians, the power of opinion; among the Mussulmen, religion; among the English, a cool calculation; among other nations, the principles of a false honor, make men brave a certain death, or make them boldly face the danger of a possible one."

"Fear of death is a principle of our nature," writes Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, on the basis of an experience of several years' abode within the walls of Newgate, yet every man is so prone to believe in his own superior fortune, that the cases are rare when even the mortally sick expect to die on that occasion. Premature death is the almost certain consequence of hard drinking; yet when does the fear of death, by itself, operate as a motive to sobriety? Perhaps never. It is just so in respect to hanging for crimes. The principle of the fear of death is counteracted by that principle of self-love and hope which may be called forth, to the extent of delusion, in nearly every mind. . . . . . In punishing with death, legislators have had in view only the universal fear of death; never perceiving, that in proportion to that fear is the delusion of hope. It would be difficult to imagine a more striking instance of the delusive hope of life produced by the very fear of death, than that which is always to be witnessed in the cells of Newgate. I do not pretend that the capital convict's hope of escape is greater, because his chances of escape are less. The fear must not be confounded with the danger. It is an abstract fear of death which blinds him to the actually existing danger. In this blindness, all his thoughts dwell on his one last chance of escape: if he had eight chances instead of only one, his confidence of escaping would be still greater. If, then, we allow that no delusion takes place in one out of one hundred cases, *after* sentence of death, what must be the proportion of cases in which, *before* the exhaustion of his numerous chances," (such as detection, apprehension, evidence, the judge, the jury, and the executive.) "the capital criminal really expects capital punishment? Probably not one in one thousand. Consequently it may be said, that the numerous chances of escape, arising in great part from the nature of the punishment, and from the nature of the punishment independently of the chances of escape—the calculations of reason and the delusions of hope excited by fear—conspire to render capital punishment wholly inefficient for the sole end of punishment, which is to present to all a stronger motive for abstaining from, than the ordinary motives for committing, crime. No punishment, however mild, would be effectual if administered by chance, and with the chances in favor of a wrong decision: the punishment of death, so administered, is worse than useless to society; for while it affords numerous chances of escape, it leads every criminal—and much more, every would-be criminal—to expect impunity; and by affecting to give protection to persons and property, it denies to individuals the protection of their own courage, and such weapons of defence as they would use if there were no law. . . . . . *When I entered Newgate, I had not a doubt of the efficiency of public executions as deterring from crime. By degrees I came firmly to believe just the contrary. Newgate is the very best place in which to form a sound opinion on the subject; that is my opinion, deduced from all the facts of the case.*"

CHURCH ACTION ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Theological students of Aberdeen University and St Andrew's University, in Scotland, and twenty-two Theological colleges and schools, in different parts of Great Britain, have published a solemn and affectionate remonstrance against American slavery, addressed to those who are preparing for the ministry in this country. A copy has been sent to every University and College in the United States.

At the tenth annual meeting of the Scottish Christian Unitarian Association, held in Glasgow, September, 1840, it was

Moved by Robert Hedderwick of Glasgow,—"That rejoicing in the doctrines of Christian Unitarianism, because they peculiarly exhibit the kindred truths of the Paternity of God and the brotherhood of man, this Association sympathize most cordially with the struggles of their brethren in every clime, to break the rod of oppression, and let the enslaved go free. Whilst strenuously deprecating the continuance of any portion of the great human family in physical bondage, they even more strongly protest against the mental chains, under whose degrading thraldom, professing disciples of a religion, whose spirit is liberty, rest contented; and on the present occasion, feel themselves, from recent circumstances, called upon, specially, to express their admiration of those who, in this martyr-age of the United States of America, have consistently and faithfully contended for the rights of the human mind, as well as for the emancipation of the slave; their compassion for those who, in this country, whilst declaiming for the one, have flagrantly violated the other; their respect and gratitude for the untiring devotedness of American women to these sacred principles—and more particularly of Lucretia Mott, the eloquent, pure-minded, uncompromising advocate of the holiness, benevolence, and freedom, of the Gospel of Christ; trusting, that by the conjoined efforts of like-minded men and women, every individual of that vast Continent may be secured in the enjoyment of the '*inalienable rights' of man, 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.*'"

BAPTIST ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, JEFFREY.

On receiving the names of those who wished to enroll their names as members of the Convention, it was found that ten Baptist churches were represented by their pastors and delegates.

The committee of arrangements reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in our opinion, it is the solemn and imperious duty, of those churches, which are at present in fellowship with slavery or slaveholders, to withdraw all such fellowship, immediately.

Resolved, That the rejection of ELDER GALUSHA, and other ministers of the gospel, and especially the exclusion of all representatives from the 20,000 Baptists of Maine, from the Board of Missions of the Triennial Convention, at its late session at Baltimore, expressly in consequence of their adherence to the doctrines that we hold to, as abolitionists, is an outrage on the free principles of the Baptist denomination, a wrong done to the good cause of missions, an alarming indication of the galling power that slavery has obtained over the churches of this country; and that this body request the New Hampshire Baptist State Convention, to forward to the Secretaries of the Triennial Convention, their protest against an act so abhorrent to the principles of the Gospel of Christ.

Resolved, That having learned there are brethren, whose services may be obtained as missionaries to the heathen, who are known as advocates of immediate emancipation, we affectionately call upon such brethren, to report their names to the Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Anti-Slavery Convention, at Worcester, Mass., and indulge the hope that the churches will furnish the committee with the means of sustaining such missionaries in an appropriate field.

Resolved, That the recent visit to the free States, of Elder Jonathan Davis, of Georgia, his discussion while here, and especially his advocacy of the divine right of slavery, and his letter published in that State, (copied in the N. H. Baptist Register of the 8th inst.) has served to strengthen us in our conviction, that a great part of the support of slavery, is now to be found in a portion of the churches at the North, and that therefore, there is enough for abolitionists to do, without going to the South.

Resolved, That we learn with pleasure, that our brethren in New-York and Vermont, are about holding Conventions, in view of the crisis which SLAVERY has brought on American Baptists, and that we hope similar Conventions, will be held as soon as possible, in this State, and in all free States of the land.

Resolved, That the scheme of the American Colonization Society, is abusive in theory, and injurious in its practice, on our enslaved brethren, and nominally free people of color; and inasmuch as efforts are now making to revive the scheme among the churches in New England, we would solemnly warn them against it, and earnestly entreat them not to afford it any aid whatever.

Resolved, That we request all the anti-slavery Conventions to take immediate measures to ascertain the views of those missionaries now in the field, with regard to the *sin* of slavery, and the duty of *immediate emancipation.*

The meeting was deeply solemn, and characterized by great harmony of feeling.

N. W. SMITH, *Secretary.*

BAPTIST ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, HAMILTON, N. Y. AUG. 1841.

Resolved, That the system of American slavery, by regarding immortal men, not as sentient beings, but as things or chattels personal, in the hands of their owners, is subversive of all human rights, and a sin against God, who hath made of one blood all nations of men.

That immediate repentance of the sin of slavery is the duty of the master, and immediate emancipation, under the protection of law, the right of the slave.

That for us to extend the hand of church fellowship to those who continue to practice, or in any way justify, the system of American slavery, after due gospel labor, is virtually to bid them God speed, and thus to become partakers of their civil deeds.

Necessity of Action

Resolved, That believing as we do, that the system of American slavery is a grievous system of iniquity, which threatens to bring upon the nation, and the church, the heavy judgments of a holy God, we entreat all our brethren earnestly to pray, in public and private, for its speedy and peaceful removal, and to bear, on every proper occasion, their solemn testimony.

Slavery, and our Benevolent Societies.

Resolved, That while we do not refuse to act in our benevolent societies, not based on the principles of church fellowship, with any of our brethren, who may differ from us, on the subject of slavery, we affectionately suggest to our brethren, that they do not exclude from an equal participation in the labors and responsibilities of these societies, any friends of our Lord Jesus, on account of their opposition to slavery; inasmuch as such a course appears to manifest more sympathy for the slaveholder, than for those who grieve for his great sin, and may induce brethren to separate from such societies, and form new organizations.

Slavery, and Foreign Missions.

Resolved, That although we think some of our brethren acted unwisely in the last Triennial Convention, in regard to this subject; yet in view of the wants of the perishing heathen, we entreat all our brethren not to withhold their contributions from the foreign mission cause, on this account, but to tell their grief to their God and their brethren; and if any cannot, conscientiously, contribute their funds through the general treasury, we recommend them to commit such free will offerings to the executive committee of the Am. Bap. Anti-Slavery Convention, through their Treasurer, Simon G. Shipley, Esq., Boston, Mass., who will appropriate them according to the direction of the donors.

New Tests.

Resolved, That in declaring our intention to withdraw all fellowship from those who, after suitable gospel admonition, continue in the sin of slavery, we earnestly protest against the charge of introducing "a new test of church fellowship," inasmuch as we are but carrying into practice the Divine precept, published more than eighteen hundred years ago, and adhered to by Baptists from time immemorial: "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

LAKE GEORGE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION, CHESTER, N. Y. SEPT., 1841.

Resolved, That the drivelling efforts—but still the greatest no doubt that could be made—used recently by Elder Jonathan Davis, a slaveholder of Georgia, to vindicate his peculiar institution, before northern assemblies, convince us more than ever that American slavery is a monstrous moral evil, and that we will therefore, still further labor for its extermination from the earth.

Resolved, That the countenance and aid, which he received in this shameful enterprise, from leading Baptists at the North, merits the rebuke of all friends of freedom and christianity.

Resolved, That we contemplate, with mingled feelings of astonishment and regret, the obsequious obeisance, made by those who assume the dictatorship of our benevolent enterprises, to the dark demon of slavery, in the last session of the Triennial Convention, in denying some of the noblest spirits of our denomination, their former places, in the Board of Managers, solely for the exercise of their conscientious opinions respecting that system of full-grown abominations.

Resolved, That we consider the shuffling intrigue, with which this was done, a lamentable prostration of that pious and noble independence which has ever characterized our beloved denomination, in opposition to every other unrighteous agency and institution.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Hebron Baptist Church, Attleboro, Mass., passed the following, without a dissenting voice, Aug., 1841.

Resolved, That we believe it to be a sin, in all cases, for man to hold his fellow-creature as property, and that we look upon slavery as it exists in this [illegible] system of iniquity whose evils cannot be numbered, whose woes cannot be told, whose guilt cannot be measured; and one against which all Christians, and Christian churches, are bound to bear faithful testimony, remembering those in bonds, as bound with them.

CALVINISTIC CHURCH, WILLISTON, Vt., 1841.

Resolved, That American slavery is not only a political, but a moral evil, exceedingly offensive to God, and a grievous violation of the law of love, and the rights of our fellow-men, and that it ought to cease at once.

Resolved, That no human laws or constitutions will make that right which God has forbidden, and hence the legal protection thrown around the system of slavery in our land, renders it no less important that the Church should raise her warning voice against it.

Resolved, That it is the duty of churches and ministers of the gospel, to pray for the redemption of the slave, and labor in every lawful way for the speedy removal of slavery from our land.

Resolved, That as a church, we cannot hold Christian fellowship, with those who enslave and make merchandize of their brethren and fellow-men.

Resolved, That the connection we sustain to our southern brethren in Christ, calls for the expression of our feelings towards them, by way of kind admonition, through our ecclesiastical bodies, and we hereby request the General Convention of Vermont, to address to them a letter to this effect.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, N. YORK MILLS, ONEIDA Co., AUG., 1841.

Resolved, That those professing Christians, who, in the midst of the clear light which is now thrown upon the subject of slavery, continue to hold their fellow-men in bondage for the purpose of gain, forfeit their title to our Christian fellowship.

Resolved, That a regard for the honor and glory of God, and the purity and welfare of the Church of Christ, demands that we henceforth refuse to welcome the slaveholder, or those who justify slaveholding, either to our pulpit or to our communion table.

Resolved, That the pastor and delegate from this church, who shall attend the next meeting of the Oneida Presbytery, be directed, then and there, in behalf of this church and its session, to urgently solicit that body to take solemn and decisive measures for the removal of slavery from our land and world, thereby averting, by divine grace, the direful judgments which, for this cause, we may justly fear at the hand of an offended God,

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW ATHENS, OHIO, AUGUST, 1841,

Whereas, the system of American slavery is essentially and incidentally sinful, sinful in the nature of the act which creates it, and the elements which constitute it: and,

Whereas, it directly contravenes the letter and spirit of the Old and New Testament; these inculcating justice, and breathing a spirit of love and good will; and slavery involving the most glaring injustice and cruelty; and

Whereas, the General Assembly in 1818, expressed its unqualified condemnation of slavery, representing it as a gross violation of the most precious human rights, as utterly inconsistent with the law of God, of brotherly love, and reciprocal equity, as totally irreconcilable with the spirit and principles of the gospel of Christ;

And, whereas, it enjoins it as a duty upon all Christians to use their honest, earnest and unwearied endeavors as speedily as possible to efface this blot on our holy religion, and to obtain the complete abolition of slavery throughout the world;

And, whereas, although the Synod of Pittsburgh, in 1839, adopted the sentiments of the Assembly as expressive of its views in regard to the sinfulness of slavery, and the duty of Christians, a large number of members of the Presbyterian church, are still found among the advocates of the dark and damning system. And the great majority of its members are pervaded with a fearful apathy in reference to it.—Giving it no place in their heart, their prayers, their conversation, or the periodicals under their control.

Resolved, That in dependence upon the grace of God, we will make a special effort to arouse the Church to a sense of its apathy and guilt, and bring it to that position which God, and justice, and humanity require it to occupy.

Resolved, That a convention of all the members of the Presbyterian church within the limits of the St. Clairsville Presbytery, whose views coincide with the sentiments expressed by the Assembly and Synod as above cited, be held in New Athens, on the 8th day of September next, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of devising ways and means, to give a more vigorous impulse to the spirit, which the resolutions of the Assembly and Synod breathe in condemning slavery as sinful.

Resolved, That it be recommended to all the true friends of the oppressed, throughout the Presbyterian church, to hold similar conventions within their respective presbyteries, hoping thereby, that the way may be prepared for a general convention of the whole, at some future period.

METHODISTS, 1841.

What has become of their Objections?—We refer to the reasons which our bishops *formerly* assigned, against putting resolutions to the conference, which declared the *sinfulness* of slaveholding. For instance, the first one of this kind, which either of our bishops ever refused to put, as far as we know, was in these words:—

"Resolved, That holding and treating the human species as property, is a sin against God, and a violation of the inalienable rights of humanity."

This was at the New Hampshire conference, in 1835, Bp. Emory presiding. And from that time, up to 1839, or '40, others of them refused to put similar resolutions, in other conferences. But, the present year, each of the eastern conferences, have had all the action on this subject, which was desired. The Maine conference, for instance, passed the following:—

"Resolved, That it is the deliberate and solemn conviction of this conference, that *slavery is a sin* against God, man, and nature; contrary to the dictates of conscience and pure religion, and ought to be immediately and universally abandoned."

We should like to be informed as to the reasons for this *change*, in the administration of our bishops?—*Zion's Watchman.*

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The annual meeting of this body was held in this city, Philadelphia, a few days since. There were present thirty-five corporate, and eighty-eight honorary members—making in all 123.

This institution, in days past, has shared largely in the sympathies and contributions of the friends of the missionary cause. Its present position, however, is fast driving from it many of those whose confidence it once enjoyed. At its sessions last year, a paper signed by a considerable number of the active friends of the Board, was presented, remonstrating against the reception into its treasury of the gains of iniquity—the unpaid wages of the slave. The Board refused to accede to the wishes of the remonstrants, and still continued to receive and solicit the contributions of slaveholders. At the late session, a memorial, signed by several ministers of New Hampshire, was presented, asking of the Board an expression of opinion on the subject of slavery. This memorial was referred to a committee. In relation to the report of this committee, the Christian Observer remarks: "This report presents the Board in its true character, as an institution chartered and sustained for one specific purpose; and maintains that it would not be right for the Board to turn aside from that purpose to express its opinions on other subjects which may agitate the public."

According to testimony, to which the members of this Board themselves will not object, the slaves of the South "are in the condition of heathen, and, in some respects, *in a worse condition.*" Yet to make an effort, or raise even a voice in their behalf, would be to "turn aside" from the "specific purpose" for which this Board was established! To receive the proceeds of the heathen-making system at home, for the support of the system which is to *unmake* the heathen abroad, is all well enough; this is in keeping with the "specific purpose!" But to give a sentiment on the moral character of this home system, would be an unjustifiable [illegible] from the great object of the Board! This is consistency with a witness.—*Penn. Freeman.*

SUGAR FROM CORN.

At the meeting of the Agricultural Society in Wilmington, Del., Sept. 15th, the President read the following letter:

To Dr. J. W. Thompson, President of the Agricultural Society of Newcastle County.

Having been requested to furnish some account of the process for manufacturing Sugar from Corn, I cheerfully comply in giving all the information on the subject, so far as I am at present acquainted with it. The introduction of every new manufacture must necessarily be a work of time; errors and difficulties continually obstruct our course, even where we have all the advantages of experience to direct it. The making of sugar from beets, in the large way, commenced in France, about thirty years ago; yet not more than one-third of this period has elapsed, since the business has become important from its extent and profit. These remarks are introduced as some apology for the imperfect state of the communication I have now to offer. Scarcely one year has passed, since the first idea was suggested in relation to this peculiar plan for making sugar; and there has not been sufficient time for those exact experiments necessary to satisfy the careful calculator. In one case, I obtained from a small piece of ground, at the rate of 100 lbs. of sugar per acre, but other experiments made since, have conclusively shown that, had a different mode of planting been adopted, the product would have been increased ten-fold. The manner of raising the corn, and making the sugar, is as follows:

The corn is planted in rows, two and a half feet apart, and the stalks are left to stand in the row three inches one from another;—it is then cultivated in the usual manner. Some time in August, or as soon as the stalks show a disposition to form grain, the ears must be taken off. This operation must be carefully attended to, as upon it, entirely, depends success. After this, there is nothing more to do until the crop is ready to be taken up, which will generally happen in September, the stalks are then cut up at the root, stripped of their leaves, and taken to the mill, where the juice is pressed out between iron rollers, in the same way usually employed with the sugar cane. Lime water, about the consistency of thin cream, is then mixed with the juice, one spoon full to the gallon; it is left to settle one hour, and then poured into boilers, which are covered until the liquid approaches nearly to the boiling point, when the scum must be taken off.—It is then boiled down as rapidly as possible, taking off the scum as it rises. As the juice approaches the state of syrup, it is necessary to slacken the fire, to avoid burning. The boiling is generally completed when six quarts are reduced to one; it is then poured into coolers, or moulds, and set aside to crystalize. When this process is gone through, the sugar is to be separated from the molasses, and the whole operation is finished. The process here detailed, gives the quality of the sugar you see in the samples. If required, it can be afterwards refined, as other sugar. The use of animal charcoal, and the employment of steam, in the process of evaporation, as is common in the manufacture of beet sugar, would, I am confident, produce white sugar, at one operation.

From what is known on the subject, I fully believe that an acre of good ground, treated as above described, will yield at least one thousand pounds of sugar—probably more. The value of the fodder taken from the stalks, and of the stalks themselves, after passing through the mill, will be more than an equivalent for the whole expense of cultivation, and keeping the ground up. The fodder produced in this way, is much superior to that usually made, from its containing a greater quantity of saccharine matter.

The project for introducing the manufacture of beet sugar into the United States, is one which has received much public, as well as private attention. Government and people have united in their efforts, and worked zealously to bring it about, but apparently without the least success. How is this?—Must we admit that we are inferior to the French, in anything whatever? This will not be allowed. There is another supposition, which, if correct, will account for our failure:—perhaps their beets are better than ours. French writers tell us of obtaining four, five, and even six per cent. of sugar, from the roots; but these results are four, five, and even six times better than any which I have been able to obtain. In short, the whole business of making sugar from corn contrasts so favorably with the manufacture from beets, that I cannot but think it will obtain the preference, wherever the climate will bring the former plant to perfection. Some of the differences may be enumerated, as follows:

1st. The corn is clean, and agreeable to work with, while the beet is not.

2d. The machinery for extracting the juice from beets, is not only more costly, but is more liable to get out of repair.

3d. The beet juice contains a much greater proportion of foreign and injurious matter, decomposition commences almost immediately after it is pressed out, and if allowed to go on to any extent, will entirely defeat the making of sugar.

4th. The proportion of saccharine matter contained in equal quantities of corn and beet juice, is as three to one in favor of the former. therefore the same difference will be found in the amount of fuel necessary in evaporation.

5th. Beet sugar, when obtained, is inferior in quality, and loses a larger per cent. in refining.

6th. Corn is a native of our country, perfectly suited to the climate, a true American, and is, in fact, the finest plant in the world; the author of "Arator," (Col. Taylor, of Virginia,) used to call it our "meal, meat, and manure." We now add sugar to the list of its valuable productions.

We only need a full development of the resources of our own country, to render us perfectly independent of every other.

Respectfully yours,
WM. WEBB.

Specimens of Sugar and Molasses were exhibited by Mr. Webb, and were much admired in taste and appearance.

IRISH REPEAL ASSOCIATION.

Daniel O'Connell, in a speech before the Loyal Appeal Association, August 17th, said:

"A letter had appeared in the Morning Chronicle, signed G. P. Putnam, which purported to come from an American, who asserted that those who sent money to the Repeal Association were not American, but Irish, and not long resident in America. In reply to this, he (Mr. O'Connell) read Judge Doran's letter, which gave a list of 260 native Americans as subscribers to the remittance which came from Philadelphia about a fortnight ago; and he said that, considering the relationship which at present existed between Great Britain and America, every patriotic statesman ought to give a due consideration to the expressions of sympathy in the wrongs of Ireland which had come from that quarter of the globe. There was to be a general convocation of the friends of Ireland in America on the 27th of October next, which would have considerable influence on the public mind of these countries. (cheers.) He was delighted that the greater part of the first subscription was received from Philadelphia, which was not in a slave State; the second from Boston, where slavery never existed; and not one of the subscribers was tarnished by any connection with slavery."

Foolah, one of the Amistad captives, said,—"White man have one hundred slaves—he feed 'em some—make 'em work—whip 'em some.—By and by he die. Then where do he go?

A, B, C, of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT

ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. What do you think about property in slaves?

Answer. Let me reply to that question by asking others. If you were taken by an Algerine pirate, and an Arab bought you, and paid honestly for you, should you ever consider yourself the *property* of the Arab? Should you think your fellow-citizens ought so to consider you? Can what is stolen in the beginning, be honest property in the transmission? If you and your children had toiled hard for years, and received only [illegible] for your services, should you not think that some compensation was due to *you?*

Q. These are hard questions; and I find it is hard to answer a good many things, when we once get into the habit of imagining how we should think and feel if we ourselves were the slaves. But what have the North to do on this subject?

A. They cannot help having a great deal to do with it, either for good or for evil. They are citizens of this republic; and as such, cannot but feel a painful interest in a subject which makes their beloved country an object of derision to the civilized world. If the slaves should make any attempt to gain their freedom, we are bound to go with an armed force and rivet their chains. If a slave escapes from his master unto us, we are bound to deliver him up to the lash. The people of Pennsylvania, living so near the slave States, have a great many of these painful scenes to encounter. A few months ago, an industrious and pious colored man in Philadelphia was torn from his home at midnight, and beaten to such a degree that the snow for some distance was stained with his blood. His poor wife, who was devotedly attached to him, had an infant about eight or ten days old; but regardless of her situation, she plunged into the snow, and implored mercy for her husband. Her shrieks and entreaties were of no avail. The citizens of Philadelphia could not help her, because the free States are bound by law to give up runaway slaves. The evil might be cured by the extreme cheapness of labor, if the surplus population were not drained off to supply *new* slave States. But in order to accommodate slaveholders in this respect, Louisiana has been bought, and Florida bought, by revenues principally raised in the free States; and now they want to purchase Texas likewise for an eternal slave market.—Every time a member from the free States votes for the admission of a slave State into the Union, he helps to increase the political power, which has always been wielded for the perpetuation of this abominable system. It is high time for the free States to begin to reflect seriously, whether they ought any longer to give their money and their moral influence in support of this iniquity.

Q. I did not know we were obliged to give up runaway slaves to their masters. Are you sure it is so?

A. When masters *bring* their slaves into the free States, or *send* them, the slaves can legally take their freedom; but when the slaves runaway, we are obliged by law to give them up, let the circumstances be what they may. Many conscientious people prefer to obey the law of God, which says, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which hath escaped unto thee."

Q. But would you at once give so many ignorant creatures political power, by making them voters?

A. That would be for the wisdom of legislators to decide; and they would probably decide that it would not be judicious to invest emancipated slaves with the elective franchise; for though it is not their fault that they have been kept brutally ignorant, it unfits them for voters. At the present time, slaves *are* represented in Congress. Every five slaves are counted equal to three freemen; which is just the same as if our farmers were allowed to count every five of their oxen as three voters. This system gives the southern aristocracy great political power, entirely unchecked by democratic influence, which comes in as a counterpoise in States where the laboring class are allowed to vote. W. B. Seabrook, of South Carolina, has lately published an Essay on the management of slaves, in which he says: "An addition of $1,000,000 to the private fortune of Daniel Webster would not give to Massachusetts more weight than she now possesses in the Federal Councils. On the other hand, every increase of slave property in South Carolina, is a fraction thrown into the scale by which *her representation in Congress is determined.*" This country has been governed by a President forty-eight years. During forty of those years we have been governed by a slaveholder? The New England candidates each remained in office but four years; and the great middle section has never given a President. The middle States are politically stronger than the northern, and are therefore more likely to act independently, and without reference to southern support. Perhaps this may be the reason why those States, large and wealthy as they are, have never given a President to their country. Slaveholders are keen sighted politicians; and they are closely knit together by one common bond of sympathy on the subject of slavery. It is a common remark with them that they never will vote for any man north of the Potomac.

Communications.

[Reported for the Standard.]

SPEECH OF WILLIAM C. NELL.

Delivered before the First Annual Convention of the "American Reform Board of Disfranchised Commissioners," on Thursday, Sept. 9th, 1841, at Zion's Wesleyan Methodist Church, at the corner of Leonard and Church-streets, New-York:

WILLIAM A. TYSON, in the chair.

After a prayer by the Rev. Timothy Eato, William C. Nell, of Boston, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That, believing knowledge to be the foundation of a people's prosperity, and that through its influence, the greatest benefits have been conferred upon mankind,—we recommend our clergymen, and others, to urge its importance upon our proscribed and disfranchised fellow-men, and to encourage the formation of societies for mental improvement, as a direct means of their elevation.

Mr. Nell said, Mr. Chairman: In support of this resolution, I beg leave to suggest a few thoughts for the consideration of the Convention.

It cannot be denied that many of the embarrassments under which we labor, may be traced to the indifference manifested by us to the cause of improvement. We have been so long the victims of a wicked prejudice, that we have failed to avail ourselves of the means that have been presented, to advance our general interest; and have not appreciated the value of knowledge as the corner-stone of those qualifications that serve to render a community prosperous. Though all are willing to admit the truth and force of Lord Bacon's sentiment, that "Knowledge is power," that its possession has conferred the greatest benefits upon mankind, and the want of it is the greatest curse, yet they do not deem it of sufficient importance for them to concentrate their efforts for diffusing its salutary influence; though the assertion of the wise, of all ages, and the experience of all past history, is confirmation strong, that no community can ever be truly great, powerful, or virtuous, where the majority are uninterested in the cause of improvement.

It will, of course, be admitted, that in no previous age have the opportunities of acquiring knowledge been so numerous as at present; and though we are not yet permitted to bask at pleasure in the full sunshine of literary advantages, yet, if we but improve upon what is at our disposal, the foundation will assuredly be laid for future advancement. "It is not reasonable to put out our candle and sit still in the dark, because we have not the light of sunbeams."

We must be a reading people. Our characteristic must be that of a community striving to exert all our energies for improvement. We must remember, that by individual efforts we aid in rearing the temple of our rights. Upon us, the cause of Reform has a special claim. Struggling, as we are, against the withering influences of malignant prejudice, nothing will tend so effectually to ward off its blows, and produce the respect due to us as men, as the fact of our being engaged in intellectual pursuits: the result of which, will be seen in our daily deportment, and intercourse with society. It is even now in our power to overleap the barriers that shut us out from enlightened society; there are kindred spirits who will welcome us, if we but earn the right to a place. It is natural that persons of like taste should associate with each other; let us, therefore, prove ourselves men, in Literature, Philosophy, Science, and the Arts, and those who love them will welcome us to their side.

There is no portion of the human family doomed by the Creator to everlasting seclusion from improvement. Man's avarice and tyranny has indeed been the means of burying in obscurity the intellect of many of our brethren; but the spark of genius has been kindled by an almighty power, and will develope itself, as truth advances. They shall find the path of knowledge, and walk therein.

Knowledge is the foundation of a people's prosperity. It indeed opens the avenue through which we must pass to obtain our rights; and though its entrance may be guarded by foes to our race, though an unholy custom has hitherto compelled us to remain at a distance, and persecuted us with a spirit peculiarly its own, yet it is our glorious privilege to rise above these difficulties, step by step, until we make the victory ours. "They only are free, who *will* be free."

Knowledge will excite in us a spirit of enterprise.—Under the influence of its cheering beams, we shall arise and shake off our fatal lethargy. There will yet be warehouses erected, filled with merchandise, the property of colored merchants; and over the wide waste of waters will yet be seen the foamy tracks of our gallant barks, laden with the produce of other climes.

By the acquisition of knowledge, the people will be prepared for any emergency that may await them;—whether, to escape persecution, we adopt the language of the Greek emigrant, and seek a land beyond the wave—

"Where hands and hearts and souls are twined,
And free the MAN, and free the MIND;"

or whether we prefer to remain on the soil that gave us birth, and by our devotion to the cause of improvement, our untiring zeal in contending for rights withheld, and fidelity to our enslaved brethren, we live down the obstinate prejudices of the age, and thereby compel this guilty nation to acknowledge the debt she owes her oppressed sons and daughters.

It is essential to our highest interest, it is due to our self-respect, to the justice of our cause, and to our brethren in chains, to seize upon every facility afforded us for mental and moral improvement. Without this, it is as possible for a ship on the tempestuous ocean, buffeted by adverse winds, to be guided without a rudder, as for us, on the troubled sea of persecution, exposed to the howling blasts of prejudice, ever to withstand the gale, and at last ride triumphantly into harbor.

We must appreciate the worth of mind, and cultivate a taste for literary pursuits. Societies for mental improvement should be formed in every town. Their place of meeting should be regarded as the people's Banquet Hall; not indeed to assemble and offer incense on the shrine of sensual gratification; but to partake of an intellectual feast. Not to indulge in potations whose tendency is to destroy all that is noble and sublime in man, and degrade him below the level of the brute; but to quaff healthy draughts from the golden cup of science. Not as votaries of pleasure, to wile away the hours in the mazy dance; but, guided by imagination and reason, to scan the earth, and find the force that holds the planets in their spheres. Such societies will form the nucleus around which will centre the hopes of our people.

It has been a fault with a majority of us, that we have failed to identify ourselves as members of the one great human family. We are too much inclined to remind others that our complexion differs from theirs; and seem to take especial pains to inform them that the God of Nature has stamped that upon our brow, which sanctions their prejudice. But let light be shed to dispel the mists of ignorance, and it will be remembered "that we are Americans; that we have a claim to the soil for whose independence our fathers struggled by the white man's side, in the contest of '76. The services then rendered, invest us with a right to freedom, in addition to the claims of our common nature.

Our utmost energies must be exerted to overcome the prejudice we have so tamely seemed to sanction. It is an enterprise that should engage the active co-operation of all classes; of every individual, who has a heart to feel for the oppressed and proscribed; of every member of the community, who is alive to the better promptings of humanity, irrespective of color, sex, or condition.

This prejudice wars against the best interests of the colored man; it meets him at the threshold of every enterprise; it chills his hopes, and represses his noble aspirations. We are therefore called upon, in trumpet tones, to eradicate this gigantic evil from our midst. We should strive to establish an equality, by deserving it; by linking our interests and sympathies with those who now persecute us; and not by fostering a kindred prejudice in return.

Mr. Chairman,—By virtue of our position, we have a task to perform—an object to attain, in the creation of a character, whose prominent traits should be hope and perseverance. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that the forest of the Pyrenean mountains being on fire, the heat penetrating the soil, caused a stream of silver to gush from the bosom of the earth, and revealed, for the first time, the existence of those mines. In like manner may the fires of persecution, that sweep over the soil of our prospects and our hopes, penetrating the keenest sensibilities of our natures, kindle within our breasts a spirit, a determination to surmount the obstacles that daily beset our path.

Were mine the eloquence of a Phillips—did I possess the talent of a Garrison, united with the concentration of influence attributed to them, all should be employed in this one noble service, of stimulating our brethren to action and progress in literary attainments. Let us do battle with ignorance, superstition, and vice; release ourselves from bondage, and proclaim immediate emancipation to our own souls.

Our fate is bound up with each other. Sink or swim, live or die, we should resolve to sink or swim together. In the name of all our best hopes, let the spirit of union pervade our ranks. By this we conquer.

BIBLES AT THE SOUTH.

Continuation of the letter from James C. Fuller to Joseph Sturge.

This letter is spun to a greater length than I had supposed my yarn sufficient for, yet several matters of interest are omitted,—some from forgetfulness, and some from not being woven into their proper place. And now for a few instances of the effects of slavery on the white population in those States where slavery exists: and yet while some would say, "publish it not in Gath, nor tell it in the streets of Askalon," for it savors of hot-headed abolition fanaticism, I assure thee it is no such thing; and probably if its authors had ever contemplated, or it may be, had the American Bible Society, supposed it would have been used as an argument to promote immediate emancipation, I doubt much if it would ever have been penned, much less appeared in the report of the American Bible Society for the current year. Dost thou not think the laying of this portion of my communication extensively before the Christian British public will be productive of some good? Purify the channels of our American, so called, philanthropic societies, and slavery is smitten. Cleanse our church, Quaker as well as other, of its pro-slavery cast, and slavery receives its death-wound. But be this as it may, these facts from such sources must develop to British Christians much to deplore, and to weep over, and their mental or vocal prayers for its removal will ascend as sweet incense to the throne of the Most High, and may it there unite with like offerings from thousands of hearts on this side of the Atlantic; and we may then hope and believe that for the sighing of the poor and needy God will arise and send deliverance.

In the State of Virginia the cause of the Bible is much more prosperous than it was a year ago. The agent of the State Society, Rev. James M'Elroy, has performed an extensive journey in the western mountainous counties, where he found many in need of the Bible, but with limited means for procuring it. An extract from his letter of November last will be read with interest:—

"The valleys, coves, and basins of the mountains are filled with an intelligent and respectable people, open-hearted, generous, and hospitable, and well supplied with the ministrations of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—There are also a few churches of the Lutheran Reformed, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal communions. In the mountain defiles, and along the smaller tributary streams, the scattered settlements are not so well supplied with the preaching of the word, and they are also generally found *almost entirely destitute of the Bible.* But the people here are also civil, kind-hearted, and hospitable, and ready to receive the institutions of our holy religion. Upon the tributaries of the Big Sandy in the South-West, and in some of the insulated parts of a few of the older counties, *the Bible is literally an unknown book,* and the present generation have reached manhood without religious instructions of any kind. Their character, like their native mountains, is wild and [illegible] increasing recession from civilization. And yet they are hospitable to strangers. I shall not forget the hearty good-will with which they shared their little comforts with me. A couple of missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who had lately been sent amongst them, are effecting under God, a great and most blessed change.—There have been already furnished by one of these settlements two inmates for our State Penitentiary—both for murder in the second degree; and the father of one of them has taken for wife the wife of his unfortunate son! No Bible could be found in that settlement! Such is the melancholy and inhuman state of things produced, even in our own country, where the Bible is not circulated nor read.

"Little comparatively is known of the state of the cause in South Carolina, previous to a Bible Convention in Columbia, on the 8th and 9th of December instant.—This Convention was numerously attended, and resulted in the adoption of the following resolution:—

"'Resolved,—That the adoption of measures for supplying, and keeping supplied, with the Holy Bible, every reading individual in the commonwealth willing to receive it, is an object which merits the earnest and immediate attention of the friends of Bible distribution throughout the State.'"

Every READING individual, no doubt, is meant to be synonymous with white; and the South Carolina Convention has no intention of placing the Bible in the hands of the poor slave, although the American Bible Society, at its last annual meeting, passed the following resolution:—

"That the Bible, important at all times and to *all people,* is peculiarly so to *us,* from the character of our civil and religious institutions."

"In Alabama little has been done during the year.

"In Mississippi and Louisiana comparatively little has been done the past year.

"An Agent in the State of Georgia, speaking of having just returned from what he calls 'the dolorous regions of Ware county,' embracing a large portion of the Okefinoco swamp, he says, 'I heard of an association recently held in a distant part of the county, in which they resolved to have nothing to do with Missionary Societies, Bible, Tract, Temperance and Sunday School Societies.—For a few days after receiving the intelligence, I thought the prospect a dull one for distributing the Bible among them. However, I betook myself to prayer to the blessed God for his guidance and support; and sent a-head appointments for preaching; and through the help of God, obtained such access to the people's hearts that only two refused utterly to receive the Bible. Many interrogatories however were put to me. How do these books come? By whom—Baptist or Presbyterian? Is there no cheat or alteration in them? Are they a speculation like the clock-pedlars, or a free donation? With many others of like character.'

"Speaking of Tatnall county he says, 'I found here many families destitute of the sacred volume. The people receive it with great joy, and oftentimes with tears. Sometimes they would overtake me on the road, in pursuit of a Bible; sometimes they would cut across the country and lie in wait for me; and sometimes learning where I would stay all night, they have followed me even there. I have often found it difficult to ward off from myself the thanks and blessings that belonged to others. Their expressions were, 'I thank you sir,' 'God bless you sir,' to which I would object and say, 'No, it is not I, it is the Bible Society of Darien and Savannah that have sent you these holy books of God, that you may live and die in happiness.' Then it would be rejoined, 'Well, God Almighty bless the good gentlefolks!' Most of the Books sent to Tatnall county I distributed on the western side of the Ohoopee river, which I believe was never before visited by a distributer of the Bible, as there was scarcely a copy of the Scriptures to be found. Having been credibly informed that the Superior Court had often inquired for a Bible without obtaining it, I left one for its use, writing upon a blank leaf in front, "For the use of the honorable, the Superior and Inferior Courts of Tatnall county, from the Savannah Bible Society.'

"The following extracts from the Report of Mr. John G. Simpson, Agent in the eastern counties of Kentucky, will be read with interest:

"'I expected to find the destitution very great, and therefore was not disappointed. In some places, including professors of religion, *nineteen-twentieths* of the families were without Bibles; about nine-tenths of all the families I visited were without them, with the exception of a portion of Knox and Laurel counties, which had been partially supplied. I gave Bibles to *several preachers* who never owned a Bible; and about two-thirds at least of the families of professors of religion were destitute; some who had lived forty or fifty years in the church, and never had a Bible in their houses. Two or three reasons may be assigned for the great destitution in that portion of our country.

"'In the first place, our Bible Societies have shamefully neglected them, confining their operations to the interior counties; and secondly, their merchants do not import the Bible Society Bibles; and if they do, they are sold necessarily at double the Bible Society price; and thirdly, their preachers being generally very ignorant men, (I mean those who live there,) and profess to be called, and qualified, and aided, by the direct agency of the Holy Spirit, without the use of means, making ignorance the mother of devotion, and consequently, it is like priests, like people.'"

At the first anniversary of the American A. S. Society, which was held in 1834, a committee was appointed to consider the propriety of proposing to the American Bible Society to raise the sum of $20,000, for the purpose of supplying every colored family in the United States with a Bible, on condition that this Society will pledge the sum of $5,000 towards that object, provided the A. B. Society will undertake to carry the measures into effect in *two years.* The committee subsequently reported in favor of the measure and were instructed to make application to the board of managers of the A. B. Society, and before the annual meeting adjourned, its committee reported that they had performed the service allotted them, and met with an apparently favorable reception, the resolution they presented having been consigned to the Committee on Distribution.

In 1835, at the second annual meeting, the subject was again brought up in the following way: "Whereas, the A. B. Society regards itself as unable, directly to offer the Holy Scriptures to our enslaved brethren, therefore,

"Resolved, That we earnestly entreat that Society to request its auxiliaries to see to it, that every colored family in the United States be furnished with a copy of the Bible, and renewedly extend to that institution the offer of $5,000 towards the effort, on the condition proposed the last year. And a committee of seven were appointed to communicate this proposal to the managers of the Bible Society at their then session."

See what influence slavery sways over the Bible Society, which of all other societies should be free from sectarianism, colorism, and all other isms. The ramifications of slavery are so numerous and spread so wide all over the country, that the influence of the foul demon is felt in legislative halls, in churches and meeting-houses, in the shop and the counting-house, and as for the banks, they are the digestive food of slavery, for it eats up all the substance of many of them, save the books, the desk, and the iron safes, and its greedy appetite causes the latter to become useless. To be short, slavery rules in Church and State, and the people love to have it remain so, lest the Union should be dissolved. Now, I go for the Union and the objects for which it was created, and they were to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity," and with ardent desires that these noble objects may be soon achieved, and true republicanism rule in this and other lands,

I am thy sincere friend,
JAS. C. FULLER.

P. S. Since writing the forgoing, I have received the Monthly Extracts from the Correspondence of the American Bible Society which contains the following extract from the twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Virginia Bible Society. "The sub-sheriff of one of our western counties stated the following fact to your agent. A jury was to be empannelled in a remote settlement of his county. He happened to have left his home without a Bible. There was no Bible at the house where the jury was to sit, and the sheriff travelled fourteen miles, calling at every house, before he found a Bible."

"Pious surveyors stated to your agent that they had traversed every settlement in a remote section of one or two of our South-western counties, that they had frequently inquired among the settlers for a Bible, but had never seen or heard of one in a region, say sixty miles by fifty." J. C. F.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXXVII.

1795, he left his master's service, and went to Philadelphia, where he, soon after, married. He resided in Mead alley, in the district of Southwark, and supported himself and family, comfortably, by sawing wood. In the summer of 1805, as I was going down Front street, early in the morning, when nearly opposite the alley above mentioned, all of a sudden my ears were saluted with the sound of several voices, which seemed to denote great distress. I immediately hastened to the place whence the noise proceeded. Opening the door of the house occupied by Davis, I saw four or five men, among whom were two city constables; the others were strangers: one of them was Davis' master. Upon going into the house, I was informed by his wife, they had spoken kindly to him, made many inquiries as to how he was getting along and expressed much interest for him. At length, his master told him that he thought, when he was able, he ought to make him some compensation for his time. He asked Davis if he could not make him a small payment during the ensuing autumn, as the busy season was near at hand. By these insidious means, he threw Davis completely off his guard; for he naturally concluded from his conversation, that he did not intend to wrest him from his family. As soon as he had got concessions from the poor fellow, sufficient to establish his claim to him as his slave, he threw off the mask, and appeared in his true colors, that of a cruel, hard-hearted slaveholder.—He ordered the officers to secure him, and they immediately hand-cuffed him. On seeing this, his wife and children uttered the shrieks that drew my attention to the house. My feelings were deeply affected, and I used all the entreaty of which I was capable, to induce the unfeeling sinner to release the man. But it was all to no purpose; he disregarded the cries and entreaties of the wife and children, and treated them and me with ridicule. The children hung round me, clasping my knees, and begging me not to let those men take away their father. The scene was distressing beyond description.

He was hurried off to a magistrate, and from there to prison. His admission that he was the slave of the claimant was proved against him, so that resistance was useless. The next day they called for him, and I saw him fettered, put into a carriage, and taken away. When he was about leaving the jail, with a countenance that indicated a heart oppressed with the deepest anguish, he requested to speak with me in private. I took him into an adjoining room, and he asked me if I could not give him some advice. I was at a loss what to say. After some hesitation, I told him not to attempt to escape till he got a good opportunity.

He was taken to Maryland and lodged in prison, where he remained several weeks; when he was sold to a speculator, who started with him to join a coffle about to be taken to a southern market. After crossing the Susquehanna, they stopped at a miserable grog-shop, called a tavern; and after partaking pretty freely of stimulants, they commenced shooting at a mark. During this time, Davis was sitting by the tavern-door, reflecting upon his miserable and forlorn condition. At length he saw a man, who had been fishing, come with a small batteau to the shore. When he stepped out, he took with him a stone, attached by a rope to the batteau, and which supplied the place of an anchor and threw it on the ground. It now occurred to him, that if he could rid himself of his irons, he could get into the boat and make his escape. He said the advice I had given him, not to make his escape till he got a good opportunity, instantly rushed upon his mind. Hard fare, scanty meals, if meals they might be called, and above all, the anguish of mind he endured, had very much reduced him in flesh, and he found that by some exertion, he could slip his hands out of his fetters. He watched his opportunity, and when they discharged their pistols, by a violent effort he got his irons off, ran to the river, picked up the stone anchor, threw it into the batteau, pushed off, and made for the opposite shore. The men threatened him with instant death, if he did not immediately return; but regardless of their menaces he pursued his course. They loaded their pistols as quickly as they could, and discharged them after him; but without effect. Upon reaching the other side of the river, he set the boat adrift, fearing some one would take it back, which would enable them to pursue, and perhaps overtake him.

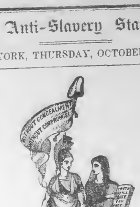
After leaving the boat, he bent his course towards Philadelphia, and came directly to my house. His haggard appearance, and emaciated form, had so changed his looks, that I could hardly persuade myself that it was really James Davis who stood before me. But he soon satisfied me on that point. He knew it would not be safe to return to his old home; and a place was procured where he could safely have an interview with his family. The next day, I obtained a passage for him, in a market-wagon, to Bucks county, Pennsylvania. In a short time, he procured a small house, and sent for his family to go to him. They did so, and he was never after molested; his pursuers being unable to discover the place of his retreat.

No people are more ardent in their affections than the descendants of Africa. This was verified at the meeting of Davis and his family. It was enough to melt the stoutest heart, to hear his wife and children, some of whom were small, ask with most intense interest, "Where have you been?" "How did they treat you?" "How did you get away?" &c. &c.

It was an interview that excited the keenest sympathy in all who witnessed it.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1841.



LUCRETIA MOTT.

On Wednesday last, this beloved sister addressed the Friend's meeting in Rose street. Recent excitements, and the prejudiced state of many of the audience, rendered it a difficult task for an abolitionist to address them: and for Lucretia especially,—because she is liable to precisely the same censure that has been bestowed on Isaac T. Hopper, and Charles Marriott; and would doubtless receive it, if she were amenable to the Monthly Meetings of New-York. I thought these circumstances produced a slight restraint; at least enough to impair the joyous readiness with which a speaker appeals to an audience of whose sympathies he is sure. With much earnestness of feeling, she alluded to the early testimonies of Friends, and besought them to examine well whether the present proceedings of Quakers were in unison with those testimonies. She appealed to those in trade, whether they did not conform to many practices sanctioned by custom, but condemned by the inner voice. Of what avail was the repetition of their hereditary testimony against slavery, so long as they dealt without scruple in southern cotton, produced by unpaid labor? Was their testimony against war consistent and effective, so long as they took an active interest in political parties and partisans, who were ready at any moment to become the agents and actors in a war? She warned them against a sectarian attachment to forms, to the neglect of vital principles; and strongly urged the impossibility of receiving opinions as a birthright. But above all, she pleaded for the sacredness of individual freedom,—the necessity of leaving others to judge for themselves concerning their line of duty; and here she alluded to existing divisions in the society, with great feeling and tenderness. She feared that many were now manifesting the same spirit of persecution of which they had complained during the controversy which divided Friends into two branches. There was the same unwillingness to allow a brother to think and act freely, according to the dictates of his own conscience. She feared, too, there was something of the same spirit of proscription and persecution. Where the waters were so bitter, there must be some impurity in the fountain. All these considerations she urged them to lay to heart; acknowledging her own need of the same humble, self-examination. She glanced with hearty approval at the more prominent reforms of the day, not naming them, but evidently referring to Temperance, Anti-Slavery, and Non-resistance.

She earnestly deprecated the tendency to disparage all good works, not done within the enclosure of our own particular sect. "Master, we found men casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade them. But Jesus answered, forbid them not; for whosoever is not against me is with me."

I cannot tell how the audience received this calm and affectionate address; but if they were offended, I think the fault must have been in minds already imbued with prejudice. Under such circumstances, the most unnatural results are often produced. I remember, for instance, that Samuel J. May was engaged to preach a few times at Hollis street, while Mr. Pierpont was absent in Europe for the benefit of his health. For the subject of his first discourse, he chose the Samaritan woman at the Well; and thence deduced the inference that true Christian love was universal in its character, unlimited by boundaries of nation, sect, clan, or classes. There seemed nothing in this to which a believer in the gospel could reasonably object; but, nevertheless, the Hollis street congregation took offence, and said they did not wish to hear Mr. May preach again. "We understood what he meant," said they; "Under the cloak of Jews and Samaritans, he meant to give us a thrust about the niggers." It happened, oddly enough, that Mr. May's offensive sermon was an old one, written long before he took an interest in anti-slavery, and in fact composed without reference to prejudice against color.

In the evening, our friend addressed a meeting of the Manhattan Society, called mainly with reference to the continuance of a school for colored people, established by "The New-York Association of Friends." Lucretia spoke very encouragingly of the state of colored schools in Philadelphia; and among other good indications, told with warm approval, of a society, formed by intelligent colored persons, to visit the lowest haunts of dissipation, and seek to obtain a good influence upon the young, who were growing up in the midst of ignorance and vice, almost unconscious of a better teacher. These self-elected missionaries drew together an audience in any yard or court where they could collect them; and as the means they used consisted altogether of kindness and encouragement, they had been wonderfully blessed.

The wise and gentle speaker urged upon the colored people of New-York, the duty and policy of following this and other similar examples. She said, truly, that they could in no way so effectually assist their own race, and thereby aid the abolitionists, as by earnestly seeking moral and intellectual improvement for themselves and their children. She expressed deep regret at signs of disunion among them; and she intreated them mutually to concede and forbear, for the sake of the common good of their proscribed class. She trusted that the baneful warfare of sects and parties would be entirely laid aside. It was true, the white man, with all his superior advantages, set them a poor example in this respect; but he might serve as a warning; and it must not be forgotten that the colored people had much more need to stand united. The obstacles in their path were too numerous, and prejudice had too much limited their resources, for them to afford the diminished strength attendant upon division.

While pleading with them to listen reverently to the voice within, which never left any violation of duty unrebuked, she told a pleasant anecdote of a little boy, in Boston, who was angry with his older brother. In answer to his mother's exhortations, he maintained that he had good reason to be offended. "But," said she, "do you not feel as if you could forgive your brother, even if he has done wrong?" "Why," replied he, "I feel some as if I could, and some as if I couldn't." His mother advised him to reflect upon it a short time, and she would come to him again, before she slept. When she again inquired concerning his state of mind, he answered cheerfully, "I have concluded to do what is right." The inward monitor told him plainly enough, that his resentful feelings had all been wrong.

Lucretia spoke with hearty admiration of Douglas, the eloquent lecturer, who was once a slave. She repeated two incidents related by him, the last of which is a more shocking perversion of scripture than we have heard of yet. A minister, preaching to the slaves, called their attention to the wonderful adaptation of things to their appropriate use, as manifested in the Creator's works.—"The white man," said he, "has a soft and slender hand; but you, who are made to labor for him, have large and horny hands, that enable you to do his work." The poor ignorant creatures had had no opportunity to learn that cessation from labor would make their hands likewise soft; and some of them went home, saying, "What a nice preacher that was! Every word he spoke was true.—How kind it was of God to make our hands so hard! How they *would* blister, if they were as soft as the white man's."

The other story was of a Methodist class leader, who tied up a slave woman, and flogged her till the blood streamed down her back; and when he had finished his brutal task, he quoted to her the text, "He that knoweth his master's will and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."

Notwithstanding violent showers of rain, a considerable number of colored people assembled to hear our Friend's address, and manifested a lively interest in the continuance of the school. We trust a sufficient number of teachers may be procured, who will feel as much zeal as the pupils. The improvement last winter was highly encouraging.—L. M. C.

PRO-SLAVERY.

There really is a great deal of fun in the manifestations of pro-slavery, if the moral vision is only in a suitable state to perceive it. The abolitionists have better vantage ground for their battle, than had Jackson at New Orleans. Every shot of theirs is pointed downward, and hits: while the advocates of slavery are like men throwing stones at an object much higher than themselves, and, therefore, by the laws of nature, liable to receive their missiles back again upon their own noses.

The pro-slavery on our first page, is more than usually comic. Verily, our southern brethren are perfect Jack Cades in their much-boasted democracy.

"*Cade.* Dost thou use to *write* thy name? or hast thou a *mark* to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can *write* my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck."

The charge of being "agents of the East India Company, who want to monopolize cotton and sugar," shows a singular degree of knowledge on the subject in question; for if there is one thing which the East India monopolists abominate more than another, it probably is the abolitionists. But how *should* the South know the real state of this important question, on which hang the issues of life or death to this nation?

If a postmaster transmits to them an argument or a fact, through the medium of the press, he does it at the peril of his life. They dare not import mustard from England, for fear it should come wrapped in fragments of newspapers, containing something likely to excite dissatisfaction in the minds of their "happy and contented population." As for preaching, ministers who have a distaste for the halter or the bowie-knife, know very well that their principal text must be, "Servants, obey your masters in all things."

Because the slaves are witty enough to know the value of free papers, and hoard up every copper they can get, to buy them of whoever will sell, slaveholders raise the hue and cry that abolitionists send among them paid agents, supplied with "forged certificates of freedom." Brown, the St Louis murderer, was said to have confessed that he had carried on this business to considerable extent. If so, it was, doubtless, done for his own profit; but the southern press forthwith announced to the world that Brown was a hired agent of the northern anti-slavery societies! And, doubtless, in this country, where truth is so sedulously kept back from the minds of the people, there are not a few ready to believe the absurd falsehood.

They say we have rendered their slaves "unhappy and discontented, by exciting them with hopes of freedom." How is this? when, according to their own stereotyped assertion, "the slaves don't *want* their freedom, and wouldn't *take* it, if it were offered." Under such circumstances, it is odd enough, that we "have succeeded to such an alarming extent, in running off their slaves." The phrase is beautifully southern; for their working-men being *things,* of course could not run off, but must be run off. The South needs a peculiar grammar for her "peculiar institutions."

"The abolitionists are enemies to the Union; *because* the Union was formed ☞ to establish *justice,* promote the *general welfare,* and secure the blessings of *liberty.*" ☜ Now, fie upon you, slaveholder! Don't the words burn your mouth? Perhaps you do not reflect upon the consequences of having liberty secured to the *posterity* of white patriots. It might set more free than you are aware of. The next thing may be a provision that all children at the South shall follow the condition of the *father,* instead of that of the mother, as according to your present most sagacious code; and what would you do for servants, *then?*

They threaten to withdraw patronage from our colleges and schools. What a misfortune! Setting aside the quiet, orderly, and virtuous example of southern students, we should like to ascertain, as a curiosity in statistics, what tailors, stable-keepers, tavern-keepers, &c. in New Haven and Cambridge, would say concerning southern debts to their establishments. Nor would it be uninteresting to know which pay their college quarter bills best, northern or southern students.

As for cessation of commerce, it is a bad time to make that threat, when the North is reeling under the effects of southern bankruptcy, to such a degree that it will require all the energy and industry of free laborers, to enable her to recover her balance.

They talk of bestowing their company upon "other families of the earth, where they can find more respect for themselves, and more security to their property."

The wonder is, where they will contrive to go. The civilized world is in arms against slavery. The time has been, when they might have been comfortable at the court of the Dey of Algiers; but alas, he has lately emancipated all *his* slaves. Even Mahmoud could give them but sparing sympathy; for he opened the doors of his harem some six years ago, and authorized every slave-mistress to take her freedom, if she wished for it; and instead of patrols, rifles, and blood-hounds, boats were floating on the Bosphorus, to convey them whithersoever they would. Moreover, Mahometans consider it an abomination to enslave people of their own religious faith; and if some of those abominable newspapers, which seem to delight in vilifying this free and enlightened country, should inform the Turks of twenty thousand Methodist church members sold on the auction table, they might perhaps point their fingers at the "Christian dogs."—L. M. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 8.

Among the many objects of interest in this great city, a stranger cannot overlook its shipping; especially as New-York lays claim to superiority over other cities of the Union, in the construction of vessels, which are remarked for beauty of model, elegance of finish, and gracefulness of sparring.

I have often anathematized the spirit of Trade, which reigns triumphant, not only on 'Change, but in our halls of legislation, and even in our churches. Thought is sold under the hammer, and sentiment, in its holiest forms, stands labelled for the market. Love is offered to the highest bidder, and sixpences are given to purchase religion for starving souls.

In view of these things, I sometimes ask whether the age of Commerce is better than the age of War? Whether our "merchant princes" are a great advance upon feudal chieftains? Whether it is better for the many to be prostrated by force, or devoured by cunning? To the imagination, those bloody old barons seem the nobler of the two; for it is more manly to hunt a lion, than to entrap a fox. But Reason acknowledges that merchandize, with all its cunning and its fraud, *is* a step forword in the slow march of human improvement; and Hope announces, in prophetic tones, that Commerce will yet fulfil its highest mission, and encircle the world in a golden band of brotherhood.

You will not think this millenium is nigh, when I tell you that the most graceful, fairy-like vessel in these waters was a slaver! She floated like a sea-nymph, and cut the waves like an arrow. I mean the Baltimore clipper, called the Catherine; taken by British cruisers, and brought here, with all her detestable appurtenances of chains and padlocks, to be adjudged by the United States' Court, condemned, and sold. For what purpose she is now used, I know not: but there is little doubt this city is secretly much involved in the slave trade.

In excursions to Hoboken, my attention has often been attracted by an extremely pretty little steamboat, called the Rainbow; which is indeed fleet enough to be named for Iris, the winged messenger of the gods. It was built by Stevens, the famous engineer, and is expected to move at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

At the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, I saw the ship of war Independence, which carried out Mr. Dallas and his family, when he went ambassador to Russia. On their arrival at Cronstadt, they observed a barge, containing sixteen of the emperor's state officers, put off from a steamboat near by, and row toward them. They came on board, leaving behind them the oarsmen, and a tall, fine-looking man at the helm. While the officers were in the cabin partaking refreshments and exchanging courtesies, the helmsmen leaped on board, and made himself "hail fellow, well met" with the sailors, accepting ends of tobacco, and asking various questions. When the officers returned on deck, and he had resumed his place, one of the sailors said to his comrade, with a knowing look, "I tell you what, Tom, that 'ere chap's more than we take him for. He's a *land*-lobber, I can tell you. Old Nep never had the dipping of him."

An officer of the Independence overheard these remarks, and whispered to Commodore Nicholson that he shrewdly suspected the tall, plainly-dressed helmsman, was the emperor Nicholas, in disguise; for he was said to be fond of playing such pranks. A royal salute, forty-two guns, was immediately ordered. The helmsman was observed to count the guns; and after twenty-one (the common salute) had been fired, he took off his cap and bowed. The Russian steamer instantly ran up the imperial flag; all the forts, and every ship in harbor, commenced a tremendous cannonading; reading the air, as when from "crag to crag leaps the live thunder."

In courteous acknowledgment of his discovered disguise, the officers of the Independence were invited to make the palace their home, during their stay at St. Petersburg, and the emperor's carriages, horses, and aids, were at their service; a compliment never before paid to a vessel of any nation.

Yet was similar honor conferred on an uncouth country boy from New England! The following is the substance of the story, as told by Mr. Dallas, at a public dinner given him at Philadelphia, on his return from Russia, in 1838.

One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trowsers half way up his knees, and hands playing with coppers and ten-penny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself, by saying, "I've jest come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the emperer."

"Why do you wish to see *him*?"

"I've brought him a present, all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands."

Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, "It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick.—What have you brought?"

"An acorn."

"An acorn! what under the sun induced you to bring the emperor of Russia an acorn?"

"Why, jest before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we'd jest step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the emperor. Thinks says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him."

"My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."

"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our rail-roads, and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't it is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."

"Well, sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you."

"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days, he again appeared, and said, "Well, I've seen the emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I give him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much, as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand; and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and rail-roads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again, yesterday; and she's a fine, knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice gals."

"What did the empress say to you?"

"Oh, she asked me a sight o' questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty o' servants. 'But then you don't *call* 'em servants,' said she; 'you call 'em help.' I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollop? says I. We had that ere book aboard our ship. The emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself.' 'You're right, sir,' said he, 'you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning!' Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good-bye, all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig?"

"No, indeed, I did not, my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction."

A few days after, he called again, and said, "I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well.—T'other day a grand officer come to my room, and told me the emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him, in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time, his strange visiter re-appeared.—"Well," said he, "I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the emperor, and bid him good-bye. I thought I couldn't do no less, he'd been so civil. Says he, 'Is there any thing else you'd like to see, before you go back to Ameriky?' I told him I *should* like to get a peep at Moscow; for I'd heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight o' money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to mother. So I bid him good-bye, and come off. Now what do you guess he did, next morning? I vow, he sent the same man, in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see! And we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?"

And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting "Good bye! Good-bye!"

Mr. Dallas afterward learned from the emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

The last tidings of him reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a Journal, which he intended to publish.

Now, who but a Yankee could have done all that?

While speaking of the emperor, I must not forget the magnificent steam frigate, Kamschatka, built here to his order. Her model, drafted by Captain Von Shantz, of the Russian navy, is extremely beautiful. She sits on the water as gracefully as a swan; and it is said her speed is not equalled by any sea-steamer on the Atlantic or Pacific, the Black sea, the Indian, or the Baltic. It is supposed she could easily make the passage from here to England in ten days. The elegance of her rigging, and her neat, nimble wheels have been particularly admired. These wheels were constructed on a new plan; and though apparently slight, have great strength and power. Her engines are of six hundred horse power, and her tonnage about two thousand. All the metal about her is American. In machinery and construction she carries two hundred thousand pounds of copper, fifty thousand of wrought iron, and three hundred thousand of cast iron. Two hundred and fifty men were eight months employed in building her. Her cabins are said to be magnificent. Two drawing-rooms are fitted up in princely style for the imperial family; the wood-work of these consists of mahogany, bird's-eye maple, rose-wood, and satin-wood. Her hull is entirely black; the bows and stern surmounted with a large, double-headed gilt eagle, and a crown. The machinery, made by Messrs. Dunham & Co. of this city, is said to be the most superb workmanship ever produced in this country. She is considered a remarkably cheap vessel of the kind, as she cost *only* four hundred thousand dollars. She was built under the superintendence of Mr. Scott, who goes in her to Russia, as chief engineer. She sailed for Cronstadt last week, being escorted out of the harbor by a large party of ladies and gentlemen. Among these was Mr. Rhoades, of New-York, the Naval Constructor. You probably recollect that he built a large gun-ship for the Turkish Sultan, who was so much delighted when he saw the noble vessel launched right royally upon the waves, that he jumped and capered, and threw his arms about the ship-builder's neck, and gave him a golden box, set with splendid jewels. Henry Eckford, too, one of the most remarkable of marine architects, was of New-York.—He built the Kensington, for the Greeks, and died prematurely while in the employ of Mahmoud. It is singular, is it not, that foreign powers send to this young country, when they most want ingenious machinery, or skilful workmanship? But I will quit this strain, lest I fall into our national sin of boasting.

I cannot bid you farewell, without mentioning the French frigate Belle Poule, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe. She is an interesting object, seen from the Battery, with her tri-color flying; for one seems to see the rich sarcophagus, with its magnificent pall of black velvet, sprinkled with silver stars, in which she conveyed the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris.

Every day, masses were said, and requiems sung on board, for the soul of the great departed. Do not quarrel with the phrase. In its highest significance it is ill applied to any warrior; but, nevertheless, in the strong will, successfully enforced, there is ever an element of greatness.

The same unrivalled band that attended the imperial remains, are now on board, and sometimes refresh our citizens with most enchanting music. They are twenty-six in number, paid from the Prince's own purse.

Sabbath before last, a youth of fourteen, much beloved, died on board, far from home and kindred. It was an impressive sight to see the coffin of the young stranger passing through our streets, covered with the tri-colored flag, suspended upon ropes, after the manner of marine burials in Europe, and borne by his mourning comrades.

The Prince's private state-room contains a bronze copy of the Joan of Arc, which was exquisitely sculptured by his sister, Marie, who had great genius for the fine arts, and was richly endowed with intellect. In the same room are miniatures of his royal parents, by the celebrated Madame de Mirbel, and some very spirited sketches by his own hand. It is worthy of remark, that the only royal family eminently distinguished for private virtues, combined with a high degree of intellectual cultivation, were not *educated* to be princes; and that their father had acquired wisdom and strength in the school of severe adversity.

The keeper of Castle Garden, when he saw me watching the barge that came from the Belle Poule, repeated, at least half a dozen times, that I should not know the Prince from any other man, if I were to see him. I was amused to hear him thus betray the state of his own mind, though he failed to enlighten mine.

I love to linger about the Battery at sunset; to see the flags all drop down suddenly from the mast-head, in honor of the retreating king of day; and to hear in the stillness of evening, some far-off song upon the waters, or the deep, solemn sound, "All's Well!" echoed from one to another of those numerous ships, all lying there so hushed and motionless. A thousand thoughts crowd upon my mind, as I silently gaze on their twinkling lights, and shadowy rigging, dimly relieved against the sky. I think of the human hearts imprisoned there; of the poor sailor's toil and suffering; of his repressed affections, and benighted mind: and in that one idea of life spent without a home, I find condensed all that my nature most shudders at. I think, too, of the poor fugitive slave, hunted out by mercenary agents, chained on shipboard, and perchance looking up, desolate and heart-broken, to the same stars on which I fix my free and happy gaze. Alas, how fearfully solemn must their light be to *him*, in his hopeless sorrow, and superstitious ignorance! God strengthen us all to labor for him!—L. M. C.

Anti-Slavery Items.

Donation.—The Board of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society have transmitted to Dr. Baily, of Cincinnati, one hundred dollars toward purchasing another press for the Philanthropist. We extract the following from the letter accompanying the donation:

> "This sum, though trifling in itself, is nevertheless large, in view of the pecuniary ability of the Massachusetts Society at the present time. It is presented to you, by the Board, in the name of the members and friends of that Society throughout the Commonwealth, as a token of the abhorrence with which they unitedly regard the late riotous proceedings in your city—of the esteem and admiration in which you are held by them, for the rare moral courage and noble fidelity to the cause of bleeding humanity, which you exhibit at this perilous crisis, as well as for what you have done and suffered on other trying occasions—and of their determination never to give up the conflict with slavery, until it be extirpated from the American soil."

Prospect of more Mobs.—The editor of the Philanthropist, writing to a friend, says:

> "I see a notice in the Enquirer for a meeting on Thursday afternoon, to inquire what part abolitionists had in instigating the negroes to fire on the whites, at the late riots. It is intended, doubtless, as a preliminary to another mob. There seems to be a deadly purpose to crush abolitionists in Cincinnati. If our city authorities are vigilant and decided, they may nip the mischief in the bud. If not, there is no telling the results. Your Eastern mobs are far less ferocious than our western ones.—But we wait the event in patience. Our destiny is in the hands of God."

William H. Burleigh proposes to publish a poetical pamphlet, of about forty pages, by subscription, called "Our Country—Its Dangers and its Destiny." To subscribers, single copies twenty-five cents; five copies for one dollar; twelve copies for two dollars; payable on delivery. The great popularity of Mr. Burleigh's late volume of poems will doubtless insure the sale of this.—The subject he has chosen is a fertile one.

Convention of Slaveholders.—At a meeting of slaveholders of Anne Arundel County, (Md.) at which Governor Howard presided, resolutions were adopted that a State Convention of persons favorable to the protection of the slaveholding interests of the State, should be held at Annapolis, on the first Monday of January next.

Union Missionary Society.—This Society, mainly composed of those more or less remotely descended from African ancestry, held a Convention in Hartford, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of September. The officers are—

Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, *President*, Hartford.

Rev. Theodore S. Wright, *Treasurer*, New-York.

Rev. A. G. Beman, *Corresponding Sec.*, New Haven.

Rev. J. Brewer, *Chairman of Executive Committee*, Wethersfield, Conn.

The first great object undertaken by this Society, is a Mission to the Mendi country. They are ready to receive contributions, and the application of missionary candidates.

The gentlemen who receive contributions for the liberated Africans, are also requested to act in like manner for this Society.

Among the resolutions passed by the Convention, were the following:

Resolved, That we approbate the formation of a Missionary Society, a prominent object of which shall be to enlist the sympathies of *colored* Christians, of all evangelical denominations; and which, at the same time, admits and solicits the co-operation of *other* Christians.

Resolved, That the *Missionary enterprise in Africa* claims the special regard of all those who have pledged themselves to the *extirpation of slavery*; and that we call upon all such to assist us in our efforts in that cause.

Resolved, That this Convention deem it their duty to say, emphatically, that in the formation of a Missionary Society, with a view to evangelize Africa, our plan has no connection, whatever, with the scheme of Colonization, because—

1st. That while professing to enlighten and evangelize that benighted continent, it sends thither many who are not, in the judgment of charity, themselves enlightened and pious:

2d. That it seeks the welfare of the senders or the sent, and of both, as we think, in a mistaken way, rather than the good of those to whom they are sent:

3d. That it associates in the minds of the unevangelized, the propagation of the gospel with the exercise of political authority and military force. Nevertheless, since some of the supporters of that scheme professedly desire the welfare of Africa, we do cordially invite *such* to relinquish, and to unite with us in our exclusively Missionary operations.

Any member of an evangelized church, who is not *a slaveholder*, may become a member of this Society, by subscribing the Constitution, and paying annually not less than one dollar. And any such person, paying ten dollars or upwards, at one time, shall become a member for life."

The Society, in collecting its funds, selecting its fields of labor, and appointing its officers, missionaries, and agents, will endeavor, particularly, *to discountenance slavery*; and especially, by refusing to receive into its treasury the known fruits of unrequited labor.

It is much to be hoped that those who have hitherto been drawn into the Colonization scheme, from the idea that they were establishing missions in Africa, will now turn their benevolence into this new channel, sincerely intended to effect the professed object of Colonization, and free from the foul blot of sustaining slavery.

The Country of Mendi.—Mendi, the country of the Liberated Africans, lies back of Sierra Leone, one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and its surface is broken by high hills and even lofty mountains—tropical fruits, as oranges, lemons, bananas, etc. are abundant—also cotton, rice, and corn. Their trees grow to an enormous size—some of them thirty feet in circumference. Cattle, sheep, and swine abound. The people live in cities and villages; and their traffic is principally in cattle, rice, and clothes—the only currency of the country. They never go to war unless first attacked—but when the Vai-men come to steal men, women and children, they shoot them if they can. They all believe in one God, but know nothing of future rewards and punishments. They rest from labor every seventh day, and give themselves up to amusement. They have no public religious worship. Their king is hereditary.—Their governors are chosen by the people, and must always be men of truth, impartially administering justice. They have a system of punishment—but the "*liar man*" is never allowed to testify in court.—*Boston Recorder.*

Liberia.—This colony, including Cape Palmas, has a population of two thousand five hundred colonists, all told. The various Christian denominations are said to spend not less than sixty thousand dollars among them in missionary operations.

Rev. Edward Smith.—This very popular and talented preacher, was from Virginia; and until eighteen or twenty months ago, a strong opponent of abolition. Every body knows that he was tried by the Pittsburg Annual Conference, and excommunicated, on the charge of having slandered the Methodist church and its ministers. The simple fact was, he had become an anti-slavery lecturer, and had told the truth about the intimate connection of that church with slavery. A disgrace mitigated only by the fact, that it is shared equally by other churches. In his defence, he remarks, very justly,

> "The Conference has said, by its solemn act in this case, that the Methodist Episcopal Church and her ministers cannot bear to have the truth told of them—it is slandering them. This is the severest stab the church ever got."

A correspondent of the New-York Herald says:

> "Thus ended this trial of three days' length. I am neither an abolitionist nor a Methodist, and I neither know the parties, nor care a pin about either of them—but, as a cool and dispassionate auditor of the whole affair, I say that the Conference is guilty of persecution and injustice; and as I was coming out of the chapel, I heard a steady Quaker say to his friend, "There is not a temporal jury in all Pittsburg that would bring in a verdict of slander upon such evidence; and if they did, they ought to be punished for slander themselves."
>
> "There are many Methodists here who were upon the fence in connection with abolition, and this trial has sent them over with Smith. They now publicly say that Conference has no more business to interfere with preachers for their abolition, than they have for their being in favor of wooden pavements; that this whole trial was got up upon a false issue, to get rid of Smith; and one proof of it was, that all the resolutions against him, in every stage of the trial, were all previously prepared, ready cut and dried, and signed, ready to be used in their appropriate places, long before the evidence was adduced in public."

The Ohio Statesman, another paper always on the pro-slavery side, makes this politic remark:

> "It is said that he is a man of more talent than half the Conference put together. His expulsion, I am afraid will only have the effect of making more abolitionists—people will say he was persecuted, and that is enough."

A Slaver.—We learn by the ship Sarah-and-Arsalie, last from Pernambuco, that the British brig of war Acorn, on her voyage from Plymouth to Rio Janeiro, fell in with the brig Gabriel under Portuguese colors, and after a chase, in which the Gabriel carried away both her topmasts, boarded her and took off fifty-eight negroes, which were afterwards landed at Rio. The captain of the Gabriel jumped overboard when the crew of the Acorn boarded his vessel, and was lost.

When taken possession of, she had a crew of 65 desperate Spaniards, mounted one long 24 pounder on a pivot, and two 24 pounder carronades. Sent to St. Helena for adjudication.

The Proscribed Race.—The citizens of Evansville, Indiana, have held a meeting to pass laws for the expulsion of the free colored people; and they have shown an ingenuity as active as it is disgraceful, in effecting the ways and means. Their plea is, and probably not an unfounded one, that the expulsion of free negroes from New-Orleans, St. Louis, &c. fills their town with a vicious and vagabond population. But they, like many others, are applying means alike discreditable to them as Christians and as enlightened patriots—means eminently calculated to *make* vicious vagabonds.

The following is the strongest rebuke they can afford to give to mobs:

> Resolved, That no coercive measures contemplated by the foregoing resolutions unless strictly of a legal kind, should be resorted to in the *night time*, and that we will as good citizens endeavor to discourage, hinder, and punish any unlawful means that may be resorted to *in the night*, to effect either the removal of any portion of the blacks, or any other purpose whatever, believing as we do, that any evil is preferable to the usual mode resorted to *in the night*, by a lawless mob for the redress of supposed grievances.

American Mode of making Paupers and Vagabonds.—In Virginia, we saw what would have shocked the delicate sensibilities of many citizens of Ohio,—colored children attending school with white children! A gentleman asked me whether we could beat that in Ohio. I might have told him, that some of the people of Ohio were so magnanimous, as not only to prevent colored children from learning at white schools, but to mob benevolent persons for attempting to teach them in schools of their own."

Colonization.—At the late Colonization Convention held in Baltimore, a gentleman from St. Mary's said—

> "He looked upon Colonization as an aid to legislation, and legislation already contemplated compulsory action. It was amongst the *slaveholders* that *colonization would find its warmest friends*, and it was the *interest* of the slaveholder to remove the free black; free labor would increase in value, and as a consequence, slaves would do the same; the slaveholder desired compulsory measures, for he had ceased to expect that colonization would ever induce voluntary emigration."

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 10th mo. (Oct.) 4.

For the Standard.—Leonard Chace, Milford, N. H., $2; sundry subscribers at Andover, Mass., $5 71; E. Griffin, Hampton, Ct., $2; John K. Snodgross, New Lisbon, Ohio, $1 50; Sarah Galbreath, New Lisbon, Ohio, $1 50; Abraham Merritt, Bemas Heights, N. Y., $2; J. Adams, Greenwich, N. Y., 50 cents; John W. Watson, Kingston, R. I., $2; Charles Roath, Kingston, R. I., $2; sundry subscribers, New Garden, Ohio, $10.—$29 21.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas.*

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged	$683 00
684 John Pierpont, Boston.	1 00
685 Charles Roath, "	1 00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Arrest of the Great Forger.—The individual who has perpetrated so many successful forgeries within the past year, upon the mercantile houses in this and other cities, has been arrested, and is now in safe keeping at Philadelphia. It was one Col. Monroe Edwards, who has figured, more or less conspicuously, for several years past, in fashionable society at Washington, as well as in Mississippi and Louisiana.

Some years ago, he came to this city and desired to be introduced to Mr. Lewis Tappan, to whom he told a story of having liberated 200 slaves, and that he was then going to England, to apprise the British Government of a nefarious scheme of introducing slaves into Texas. Shortly before embarking, he applied to this gentleman for a loan of $5,000; but before this was granted, Mr. Tappan took means to ascertain the truth of the emancipation story, which was found to be false, and of course no money was forthcoming. On being apprised of this fact by Mr. Tappan, he wrote a most abusive letter to that gentlemen, and went off to London.

The hand-writing of this letter being compared with a forgery led to his arrest.

War Spirit on the Borders.—The Troy Whig says:—"There are strong reasons for believing than an armed force, consisting of several thousand men, have been for some time organizing within the State of New-York for the purpose of co-operating with the Canadian Patriots, as they are called, in another attempt at revolt.—We are informed on good authority, that the organization of these men within our own territory was never so complete as it is at present; and that it comprises a body of fifty or sixty thousand persons, who are ready to march at a moment's warning across the frontier, and to carry fire and sword into the heart of the Canadas."

Gov. Seward has offered a reward of 250 dollars, for information which will result in the conviction of any individual engaged in stealing the two field-pieces from Cayuga county, or the gunpowder from Lockport.

Horrible Accident.—M. Narcisse Benoit, a respectable farmer in St. Gregoire, opposite Three Rivers, left home with his wife, to visit a brother-in-law in St. Dennis, of the name of McDonald, who with his wife, accompanied them to Rouville Mountain, to view the splendid scenery of the neighborhood. The two women, while their husbands were tying up their horses, went into one of the mills belonging to the Hon. H. de Rouville. The miller having agreed to show them the mill, they ascended to the upper story before him. He lost sight of them for a minute, and was looking for them, when he heard a terrific scream from a small room, in which was enclosed a portion of the machinery, and into which strangers very seldom entered. He rushed into the room, and, to his astonishment and horror, found both sisters entangled in the machinery. Catching hold of one, he endeavored to pull her out, but, to save himself, was compelled to let go. Mrs. McDonald was drawn through a space less than six inches, every bone in her body being crushed. Mrs. Benoit was also so mangled that she died instantaneously. Mrs. B. leaves six children, the eldest under eleven years; and Mrs. McDonald leaves seven, of whom the oldest is not fifteen, and each of them an infant. A Coroner was soon after sent for. The grief and despair of the husbands can scarcely be imagined.—*Montreal Herald.*

Wholesale Lynching in Texas.—A week or two ago, says the Nacbitoches Herald, we gave an account of the trial of one Jackson, in Harrison county, Texas, for murder; of the manner in which he was tried; how he was acquitted, and how he and some of his friends then seized the county judge, McHenry, and brought him into Nachitoches, where he is now in jail, awaiting his trial, under an indictment for carrying off negroes from that parish. It now appears that when Jackson returned to Texas, he was attacked and killed by four or five friends of McHenry; and they, in their turn, have been captured and *hung*, without any ceremony, by the friends of Jackson. Where is this bloody tragedy to end?

Murder at the South.—A letter received by a gentleman from his friend in Aiken, dated 20th inst., says:—"A man named Daniel Price was shot dead this afternoon, at the poll where an election for sheriff was held. I think the man who shot him is named Pardue."

A man had voted both at Aiken and Williston, in consequence of which he was arrested, and given in charge of Mr. Price. Mr. Pardue came up, and demanded his release. Mr. Price refused to give up the prisoner, a scuffle ensued, and Price was shot by Pardue. Mr. Price was a man said to be much respected, and has left a large family (a wife and nine children) to deplore his loss.—*Charleston Mercury, Sept.* 22.

Mr. Robert Dawson, a citizen of Fauquier county, Va., was found murdered near Warenton, in that county, on the 12th inst. He is supposed to have been killed by a runaway slave, whom he was taking to prison.

More Riots in Ohio.—A serious riot took place at Cincinnati on Tuesday evening, 14th inst. In the early part of the night information was given at the watch house of an assault committed on a woman in a disorderly house on Bank alley, between Main and Walnut streets. Some of the watchmen went immediately to preserve the peace, and when in the house they were attacked, and three of them, Capt. Ewan, Lt. J. B. Bowlin and Robert Coppin, wounded; the last two dangerously, and all were insensible at daylight.

An attempt has likewise been made to fire the barn of the Rev. J. Rankin, of Ripley, a well-known abolitionist. Several pistol-shots were exchanged between the incendiaries and the son and nephew of Mr. Rankin. The attempt to fire the barn failed, on account of the dampness of the night.

The Cincinnati Journals say that the recent mob has drawn into the city a vast number of burglars and worthless vagabonds.

Health of Southern Cities.—The yellow fever continues to increase in New Orleans and Vicksburg. In the former city, they die of this disease at the rate of 220 a week.

Robbery of the Herkimer Co. Bank.—On Saturday evening an extensive robbery was committed on this bank, by a person named Green, at Little Falls, (where the bank is located) and a person, name unknown, said to be from Baltimore, through the agency of a young man named Brown, a clerk in the bank. The amount of funds of which it is said the institution was robbed, was $70,000 in notes of foreign banks, $25,000 or $30,000 in notes of the Herkimer County Bank, and about $3,000 in specie.—*Albany Daily Advertiser.*

Fortunate Rescue.—"The French whaler Roland, Capt. Cozannet, arrived to-day at this port. On the 19th inst. in latitude 15 14, S. E. longitude, 33, 35 East of Greenwich, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he came in sight of a vessel about eight miles to the leeward, which from the mast-head appeared to be on fire.

He lost not an instant in making sail for her, and fortunately reached her in time to save 198 passengers, among whom were 40 females. She proved to be the English bark, India, on her passage from Greenock to New Holland, the mate of which, at 7 o'clock the same day, had gone into the store-room with a light to draw some Brandy, which had caught fire.

'Capt. Cozannet, notwithstanding a heavy sea and high wind, succeeded in two hours, in transporting all the passengers and crew on board his vessel, excepting 18, who precipitated themselves into the sea against the remonstrances of Capt. Cozannet."

A Woman Banker.—It is stated that the widow of Mr. Wells, the American Banker at Paris, who died recently, will continue the operations of her late husband's house under her own immediate superintendence. Like her husband, she was born at Boston, and possesses every talent and information necessary to conduct such an intricate and extensive business.

The Mechanic's Fair.—Faneuil and Quincy Halls are thrown open for the third exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

Faneuil Hall is beautifully decorated, and the floor and galleries are covered with specimens of mechanical skill, which illustrate in the strongest manner the high state of perfection to which the mechanic arts are brought in New England.

Passing over a bridge, and through a tunnel, which from the streets has a picturesque effect, the visitor enters Quincy Hall, and passing through the whole length of the Hall, admires on every side the great variety of works of art, of the most beautiful and finished description, which meet him at every step.—*Boston Journal.*

The Boston Squeers.—James W. Locke, accused of most brutal treatment to the boys under his charge at the Farm school, has been sentenced to four months imprisonment, and the costs of the trial. The Judge was moved to this leniency by the consideration that Locke is a poor man—has lost his situation—has a family dependent on him—and is now under a civil prosecution for damages by the boys whom he punished so cruelly, and has heretofore sustained a good character. It is to be hoped that he will make good use of this clemency, and govern his temper better in future.

Procession of Orphans.—It is well known that the late Mr. Girard left, by will, a fund to erect an Orphan's College, in Philadelphia: and that he ordered the building to be a plain one. The executors, instead of following his direction, are embellishing the city by the erection of a most magnificent pile, which requires a prodigious expenditure of time and an immense amount of money.

The orphans of Philadelphia, weary of waiting year after year, and indignant at what is deemed a breach of trust, have passed through the city, with crape on their hats, in a mourning possession of many hundreds.

American Artists.—Powers and Clevinger are gaining abundant laurels at Florence. Powers has lately made a statue of Eve, which is said to be a wonder for its quiet grace, and modest beauty of expression. His busts are valued at $400; while Bartolini, who was called "the prince of modern sculptors, charged but $250.

NOTICES.

APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE AMISTAD AFRICANS.

The appeals heretofore made for funds for the defence, support and education of these Mendi Africans, have been successful, and the money, so generously contributed, has been economically expended, and with the happiest results. The *sums* contributed and the *expenditures* made have been published in the *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter* and the *New-York Journal of Commerce*, for the information of the donors and all persons interested. The time has now arrived when another appeal has become necessary. Such facts have recently come to the knowledge of the Committee, respecting the native country of these Mendians, and the feasibility of their reaching their kindred and homes, if they can be sent to Sierra Leone, that it had been determined to send the whole body of them (now reduced to 35 in number) back to Africa the present autumn. They will leave in a vessel for Sierra Leone as soon as the necessary funds shall be contributed. The Committee have in view two ministers of the gospel, one white and one colored, to accompany them to Mendi, and take up their abode with them as religious teachers, so long as the providence of God shall direct; and they are desirous of engaging one or two more, to be associated with these brethren as missionaries to Mendi.

Contributions are earnestly requested. Remittances may be made by mail, or otherwise, directed to Lewis Tappan, No. 7, Dorr's Building, corner of Hanover and Exchange streets, rear of Merchants' Exchange. Donors, if they choose, can specify whether their donations shall go towards defraying the expenses of the passage to Sierra Leone, &c., or for the support of the religious teachers. If not otherwise directed, the Committee will appropriate the money according to their discretion.—All donations will be acknowledged, and a paper, containing the acknowledgment, sent to each donor. The expenditures will also be published, as heretofore.

Ministers of the gospel are requested to take up contributions in their congregations, and the friends of these Mendians, and of the evangelization of Africa, are invited to form committees for the purpose of raising funds for the objects named. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the committee fully agree with the Rev. Dr. Hawes, that "the wages of unrighteousness ought not to be used to propagate the Gospel among the Heathen," and they cannot be received for this object. The prayers of God's people are solicited on behalf of the liberated Africans, and the contemplated Mission.

The season is so far advanced, that the *immediate action* of the friends of these Mendians is necessary, to insure the accomplishment of the object in view.

S. S. JOCELYN,
JOSHUA LEAVITT, } Committee.
LEWIS TAPPAN,

*** Editors generally are respectfully requested to give the above one or more insertions.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, will be holden on Wednesday next, October 13, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in Hall No. 2, of the Marlboro' Chapel. Frederic Douglas, formerly a slave, is expected to be present, and address the meeting.

All persons interested are invited to attend.

S. H. SOUTHWICK, *Rec. Sec.*

Boston, October 7.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT LYNN.

The Universalist Anti-Slavery Convention held in Lynn, November 19, 1840, passed the following resolve:

"Resolved, That this Convention hold annual meetings in the month of October, (on the 2d Wednesday and following Thursday) until American slavery is abolished, and that the Secretary of each Convention issue a call for the succeeding one, in as many of our religious Journals as will freely publish the same, for a few weeks previous to the meeting."

Pursuant to this resolve, I hereby give notice that the Convention will hold its next meeting in Lynn, in the First Universalist Meeting-house, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 13th and 14th of October next; and all interested in the subject, especially all Universalists favorable to the exertions of a moral influence for the removal of slavery from our land and the world, are earnestly solicited to be present. As the season will doubtless be more favorable than it was last year, we expect to meet many more of our friends than were present last fall, who shall come up with warm hearts and willing hands to aid in the holy work of releasing *millions* of benighted, enslaved countrymen from their iron bondage. On the morning of the first day, it will be remembered, an address, occasional and appropriate, is expected from brother Cobb.

J. O. SKINNER.

October 7, 1841.

THE GREAT WESTERN CONVENTION.

We learn that the third Wednesday in October, in 1841, is the time fixed on for holding the Great Western Methodist Anti-Slavery Convention, at Cincinnati, Ohio.—The friends there, it is said, will cheerfully accommodate 400 delegates, free of expense.

No time should be lost. Meetings should be held, all over the West, for the purpose of appointing delegates; and every abolitionist in the Methodist Episcopal Church, throughout that vast region of country, should immediately decide to attend, or write to the convention, if it be any way possible.

And not our friends in the West, merely, but we hope letters of approval and encouragement will be sent from the East, North, and South; and from our friends in the British West Indies.

The Great Western Convention! There must be a general rally! The ball must be kept in motion—the people must be gathered! And to this end, we expect all the anti-slavery papers, far and near, will publish this notice. We expect our subscribers at the West will procure its insertion in their local papers—we expect the brethren in the ministry, and the class leaders and members and friends, one and all, will make one "strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all together!"—If each one does his duty, it will be the greatest and best meeting for the poor slave ever held in this country. We know some of those old weather-beaten farmers of the West, and we believe the sequel will show, that they are ready for this great and good work.—*Zion's Watchman.*

THE LIBERTY BELL.

The third number of this Anti-Slavery Annual, will be issued on *Christmas week*, at the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery FAIR, Boston. No exertion will be spared to make it worthy of the circulation it receives. Articles are expected from distinguished English writers. The friends of the cause in the United States, from whom the editor has promise of aid, are affectionately reminded that the time of publication draws nigh, and that their articles should be forwarded soon.

It will be published this year, as heretofore, by means of donations from those who wish to see it issued; and the avails of its publications, will be reckoned with the receipts of the Fair, and paid to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Its efficiency as an instrumentality for increasing the funds and promoting the principles of the cause, is such as to justify an earnest appeal in its favor. It circulates where neither tract or newspaper would be read, and prepares the way for other instrumentalities. Articles and donations to be forwarded to the editor, whose address is,

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
6 Chauncy Place, Boston.

September 30. 4t

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Pawtucket Juvenile Emancipation Society will hold its Sixth Annual Sale on Wednesday, Oct. 20th, at the Free Hall.

Friends in the country favorable to the cause are earnestly solicited to contribute.

Donations, however small, will be gratefully received.

I. J. ADAMS, *President.*

Pawtucket, Sept. 24, 1841.

State of New-York: Secretary's Office,
Albany, August 25, 1841.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New-York:

Sir,—Notice is hereby given you, that the term of service of Gulian C. Verplanck, a Senator from the First Senate District of this State, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a Senator is to be chosen in that District, to which the city and county of New-York belongs, at the General Election to be held on the first, second and third days of November, [except in the city and county of New-York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the towns of Bushwick, and Williamsburgh, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the third day of November next.]

You will also, take notice, that a vacancy in the office of Senator exists in the said First Senate District, caused by the resignation of Minthorne Tompkins, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December 1843, and that a Senator is to be chosen in the said District at the same election, to supply such vacancy. The Senators are therefore to be voted for in the said District on the same ticket, but it is not necessary or proper to designate on the ballot for which term any person voted for is intended.

At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: thirteen Members of Assembly, for the said city and county.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State. MONMOUTH B. HART,
Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.
Sheriff's Office, New-York, Aug. 30, 1841.
September 23, 1841.

AMERICAN FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Free Produce Association, will be held at Clarkson Hall, Philadelphia, on Third day, the 19th of Tenth month, 1841.

BENJ. S. JONES, *Secretary.*

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

In accordance with the wishes of many friends of human liberty, the Executive Committee propose to call a special meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at Philadelphia, on the seventh anniversary of its formation. The members of the Society, and all who are willing to co-operate with them, under its constitution, are hereby notified to assemble in that city, on Friday the third day of December, next.

The associations connected with a special meeting commemorative of the formation of the Society, will doubtless add to the interest of the occasion. But the state of the country—the general excitement and sensitiveness of the public mind with regard to whatever may affect its prosperity—the growing willingness of the public ear to listen to arguments on the impolicy of forced labor—the accumulating proofs of the superiority of free over slave labor, in point of economy and productiveness—multiplied developments of the system in its moral relations—and the general interest that prevails relative to national advancement, will furnish an ample fund of matter for deliberation and inquiry. The country, and humanity, has claims on anti-slavery energy, which should not be set aside. Let there be a general convocation. It is in the power of abolitionists to give to this meeting, a deeper and more momentous interest than has ever been witnessed on any similar occasion. Let them do it, in the name of Justice and Right—for the sake of the nation and the world. There needs but a steady resolve on their part, to give a strong accumulative impetus to the progress of human civilization. Brethren and sisters, suffer no obstacles to prevent your attendance.

A preliminary meeting will be held on the afternoon previous—Thursday, December 2d. Delegates will enrol their names and residence in a book prepared for that purpose, at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 27, North-Fifth street.

Papers throughout the country favorable to the object of the meeting will please publish this call.

By order of the Executive Committee.

J. S. GIBBONS, *Chairman.*

Lydia Maria Child, *Recording Secretary.*

TREASURER'S NOTICE.

Where money remitted is not duly acknowledged, the Treasurer requests that immediate notice may be given by letter. Such errors might, perhaps, sometimes be traced to irregularities in the Post Office.

In all cases, let notice be given immediately on the discovery of the error.

Poetry.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

BY MARY HOWITT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

Among green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and her Child.

There, oft on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake the tender mother;
And on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended,
'Mid clouds of crimson light;

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
"O, beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me.

"I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown,—
I will get thee ripe red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down.

"O, holy, holy mother!
Put him down from off thy knee,
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spake the boy so lovely,
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spake to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy,
She thought she saw young Jesus
There, playing with her boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousand-fold to thee.

"For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial,
Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill."

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke,
And, full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying,—
"O, mother, dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A coming down to me.

"And, in his hand, he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries—
Dear mother, let me go!"

He died, and that fond mother
Her tears could not restrain,
But she knew he was with Jesus,
And she did not weep again.

◆

I CANNOT MAKE HIM DEAD!

The following lines, from the pen of the Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, were addressed to a clerical friend, on the death of his only son.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair, sun-shiny head,
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a foot-fall on his chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boys a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I tread the crowded street:—
A satchel'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes;—cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it, in prayer, I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

◆

INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

Work! and thou wilt bless the day
Ere thy task be done;
They who work not, cannot pray,
Cannot feel the sun!
God is living, working still;
All things work and move.
Work! wouldst thou their beauty feel,
And thy Maker's love.

All the rolling planets glow,
Bright as burning gold.
Should they pause, how soon they'd grow
Colorless and cold;
Joy and Beauty—where were they,
Should the earth stand still?
Like the world, thy law obey,
And thy calling fill!

Thou mayst own the world with health
And unslumbering powers;
Industry alone is wealth,
What we *do* is ours.
Load the passive hours with thought,
While they stay with thee,
Then despatch them, richly fraught,
To Eternity.

◆

There are, in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holier strain repeat.

Keble.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

When old Juno first imagined the expedient of getting rid of Whitlaw, by sending him off to New-Orleans, she was too much delighted at the idea, to delay the execution of it till she had fabricated, in her busy brain, some errand that might really give him occupation there; and his instructions were in consequence so vague, that till the future information, at which the prophetess had so mysteriously hinted, should reach him, he very naturally thought he might consider himself as his own master.

When, however, Hogstown crossed his path in the manner described, the superstitious young man doubted not for an instant, that it was this meeting which had been predicted; and this persuasion, together with the agreeable information respecting the suspicions thrown on the Steinmarks, determined him to set about doing what was required of him, as far indeed as he comprehended what it was, with all diligence and activity.

The delivery of the letters with which he was charged, was what he now determined to set about; and as he walked towards the mansion which the geography of the city had taught him was first in order, he taxed his memory to recall the various verbal instructions given him with each packet, for the purpose of making him acquainted with the position and standing of the parties, and to instruct him in the best mode of turning each and every of them to profit. The general instructions were clear and intelligible enough, and not easily forgotten,—namely, that in every instance where Colonel Dart's letters obtained him entrance into a family, he was to keep in mind, during his intercourse with every individual of it, that the object of his journey was to ascertain, as nearly as possible, the feelings and opinions of the inhabitants of New Orleans, on the state of the slave population, and of the dangers said to threaten the continuance of the system. All this he remembered well; but he remembered also, that not one of the six letters he carried was given to him without some special and peculiar instructions which the careful and anxious Colonel Dart fancied might be useful.

He opened the whole packet, as he walked, and scanned the address of each letter, in the hope that the sight of the name and residence might recall what it was so essential for him to remember.

"Monro Barbaruit, Esq." was the name that first met his eye; and it instantly recalled to him an anecdote that Colonel Dart had recounted, and of which, as Whitlaw believed, this gentleman was the hero; stating that when a partial revolt of the slaves, on one division of his estate occurred, it had been met and checked by the greatest personal bravery and presence of mind on his part; and that such was the effect of this well-timed display of firmness, that not only was no farther danger anticipated from that quarter, but the example was considered as having been of the most signal service throughout the whole neighborhood.

"George Washington Bobbin, Esq." followed next.

"Ay!" thought Whitlaw, "I remember that name, too. That's the man that was caught t'other day, changing a lame nigger baby, born on his own estate, for a bouncing brat of a piccaniny, that belonged to a neighbor. But he's curious rich, so nobody says nothing about it; and I must take cake care to make no allusion to healthy children, or any thing of that sort."

"Adams Byron Chesterfield Higgins, Esq." muttered our hero, as he continued his progress. "That's him as wants a bill brought into Congress, for leave to fit out a few ships to make prize of all the craft caught off the coast of Liberia, with license to dispose of the crews and cargo, black or white, at pleasure. That's a fine young fellow! success to him, any how!"

"Zerubbabel Theodore Octavius Cobb, Esq."—"That's a puzzler." Whitlaw walked with his eyes fixed on the name, or rather names, for several minutes, and then exclaimed, "I can't remember one syllable about him."

The next was a very modest address,—"Mr. John Croft." Oh! that's the man newly come from England, to sell that fine estate at Nixton, and we want to buy it a bargain; that's nothing to do with slaves or slavery, for the gangs upon it belong to his tenant. I mind all about that."

The sixth and last letter was directed to Brutus Pennyfeather, Esq., and this also brought its own history to his memory; for Mr. Pennyfeather was a merchant who dealt largely with Colonel Dart, for cotton.

His first visit was at the house of Mr. Bobbin. He was ushered, with a vast deal of creole pomp, into a splendid drawing-room, the furniture of which was no bad specimen of Parisian elegance. The walls of the room were half covered with enormous mirrors; marble tables of all sorts and sizes, displayed a large collection of Sevre's china; ottomans, sofas, and bergeres, were invitingly placed in all parts of the spacious room; and the atmosphere was deliciously scented by tuberoses, orange flowers, and jessamines. The light and heat of the day, which was extremely sultry, was only permitted to enter through colored canvass blinds, continually sprinkled with water on the outside, and stretched over an ample balcony, filled with the finest flowers.

On first entering this elegant apartment, Whitlaw believed it to be quite untenanted; and that deep-seated reverence for wealth, which had ever been a strong feature in his character, caused him to look round it with a feeling of respect, that almost led him to prostrate himself in a salam, upon the delicately-tinged matting which covered the floor. It was not till the second, and more leisurely survey which he took of its enviable splendor, that he perceived a very young, little, round, pale, black-eyed woman, sunk deep into a kangaroo chair, with one of her little feet dangling from it, and the toe of the other supported on the shoulder of a young negro boy, fantastically dressed, who sat on the floor before her. She was placed in the corner of the room, and a large orange tree, covered with blossoms, so arranged as to form a sort of canopy over her. Her attitude was one, that might have rendered rising difficult to any woman, but to a creole it was impossible. She therefore clapped her miniature white hands together, and though the sound produced was scarcely louder than what might have followed a similar concussion between two little balls of cotton, it was heard and obeyed by another black fairy in the dress of an oriental page, turbaned and trowsered in delicate white muslin, with a tiny vest of yellow satin, belted with gold. She murmured something into the child's ear, who immediately took an ivory fan from off the table, and approaching Whitlaw, presented one end of it to him, and so led him forward towards his mistress; it being contrary to creole etiquette that a white skin should touch the hand of a negro.

At a distance of about two yards from the living, but apparently immovable footstool, the well-tutored little usher stopped, and withdrawing the fan from the hand of the stranger, stood ready to execute the next order he should receive, whether it were to advance a chair for his service, or to lead him back to the door by which he entered.

The little beauty, from amidst her flowing, floating, very loose, and very thin, white drapery, looked out and up to the handsome face of our tall hero, and the signal for the chair was given; but so slightly and so silently, that it escaped the senses of Whitlaw. He understood, however, that the chair was intended for him, and he took possession of it, with perhaps more satisfaction than grace.

"I have a letter, madam," he began, seeking for his credentials as he spoke,—"a letter to Mr. Bobbin, from my friend, Colonel Dart. Will you be pleased to receive it for him, madam?"

"Yes, sir, you may give it to me;" and the little white hand was extended, or rather raised, about two inches from the lap on which it rested.

It was rather instinct than politeness which made Whitlaw start forward to place the letter between the delicate fingers prepared to receive it; and in doing it, he bent his head so low, that the lady's other hand, which rested in a languid, drooping attitude, against the side of her high chair, while her shoulder supported her head, passed over his curls with very little effort, and she said,

"How your hair curls!—Where do you come from?"

"From Natchez, madam."

"Natchez!—Are all the men handsome there?"

"Not all, I expect, madam."

The little lady laughed immoderately.

"Oh, you expect!—that's charming! Do sing Yankee Doodle for me, will you? You are so very handsome, that I am quite sure you must be good-natured."

"I should be very happy to do any thing that would please you, madam," replied Whitlaw; who, though half affronted at her request, or rather at the manner of it, was enchanted both with her beauty and her compliments,—"Any thing that I could do; but I'm not capable to sing, for I don't know how."

"Oh, what a pity! you would look so handsome when you were singing? You don't know that I am Mr. Bobbin's lady? Do I look old enough to be married?"

"You look like an angel, madam!" was Whitlaw's gallant reply. Again a fit of violent, but very soft-toned laughter waved the light drapery which hung like a transparent cloud about the beauty;—but suddenly checking herself, she addressed the little automaton at her feet, in a voice that was as sharp as she could contrive to render her languid tones,

"You have moved, Pompey!—you must have the whip." Then raising her eyes again to Whitlaw, she said,

"Do you love orange-flowers?"

"I am sure I shall always love them, in future," said Whitlaw, directing his eyes to the beautiful blossoms that seemed ready to drop upon her pretty head, "for they will always remind me of you."

She again clapped her little hands, and her negro page entered as before; when she again whispered to him, and the child disappeared through the open window into the halcony, whence he quietly returned with his dingy hands filled with delicate orange-blossoms.

The fair lady made a sign to the child, who was advancing to her with them, saying,

"To him, you stupid thing!"

Whitlaw, however, put his hands behind him, as the page drew near, exclaiming, "No! madam, no!—from no hand but your own, and least, of all, from a nigger's; but if you'll be pleased to give them to me, I'll keep them forever, by G—d!"

As if it were her doom, upon the present occasion, to "laugh loud laughters three," the youthful mistress of the mansion again gave way to mirth; but soon recovered herself, and said, very obligingly,

"Well, then, Olinda must give them to you herself, I suppose. Come here!"

Whitlaw drew near, with unfeigned satisfaction, and, as if inspired by the occasion, actually knelt down beside the footstool negro. Olinda looked at him very complacently, and either smelling or kissing the flowers she had received from her page, or both, she placed some of them in his hand, and threw the rest in his face, saying,

"There, then!—now you may go,—I will give my husband the letter, and perhaps he will ask you to dinner,—I hope he will. Adieu!" And she waved him off, with the childish air of a little girl, playing queen.

In truth, the pretty Olinda was still a child in age; and such, if report say true, are the childish ways of some of the little ladies of New-Orleans.

Luckily for young Whitlaw, his head was not one of those likely to be turned by such pretty fooleries, so as to make him forget more serious business. "If I'd nothing else to do," thought he, "I might like well enough to waste a few hours in that there paradise of a keeping-room. But now for Mr. Monro Barbaruit; for, if I don't mistake, he lives in the next street."

He was here fortunate enough to find the person to whom the letter was addressed; and having delivered it, he waited in silence while Mr. Barbaruit read the contents.

"Sit down, sit down, sir," said little Barbaruit, a pale, thin personage, of five feet four inches and a half.

"What a flimsey-looking little fellow," thought Whitlaw, "to stand up so grandly against a gang of nigger rebels!"

He contemplated the comical little figure before him, with a strong suspicion that the report of his powers, must have originated with himself; and the practical inference he drew from this conclusion was, that nothing would be so likely to propitiate the friendly feelings of Mr. Barbaruit, as referring to a transaction wherein, by his own account, he had acted so noble a part. Having waited, therefore, till the perusal of the letter was finished, he said, while the little man was folding it up, "You perceive, Mr. Barbaruit, that all nigger outbreaks are not confined to New-Orlines,—my friend and employer, Colonel Dart, lives in constant terror of the same.—Ah! sir, I wish we had you among us!"

"Good God, sir! what does that mean?" exclaimed the hero. "What could I do, sir? Do you mean that the black malice of the varmint would exhaust itself on me? Is that Colonel Dart's notion, sir?"

"Lord, no, sir!" answered Whitlaw, quite shocked at having given occasion for such a suspicion; "Colonel Dart never dreamed of no earthly thing like it. I only meant, sir, that it would be a comfort to have such a brave gentleman as you are, near us, in case of the worst."

"In case of the worst!—Good God! I to be moving about the country, just to pop in at a rebellion, in case of the worst! Why, sir, I'm thinking of selling all, if it can be done without too horrid a loss, and shipping myself off for France, just to get out of the way of these horn devils,—that's what I'm after thinking of, *in case of the worst.*"

"I do assure you, sir," replied Whitlaw, "I would be much readier, to help such a valuable gentleman as you out of danger, than into it. But it is impossible not to keep thinking at times what a fine thing bravery is, especially when one hears of such pitiful, mean, cowardly tricks as some slaveholders don't scruple to do; gentlemen though they are, or ought to be, from their standing. But 'tis impossible not to glorify a man that will stand up against a roused gang of malignant varmint, like you did, Mr. Barbaruit, when one likens him to such a mean, thievish rascal, as him as stole his neighbor's thriving piccaniny t'other day, and left a crippled one in its place. Warn't that man a mean fellow, Mr. Barbaruit? and he to be a slaveholder, too!"

Mr. Barbaruit's pale complexion assumed a tint of livid blue, as he listened to these words; and in the rage and agony which possessed him, he pulled the bell violently, though he knew that the summons would only bring one or more of the feared, and hated race to his succor; but even they would save him from the cool, deliberate insults his visitor was pouring upon him.

"Show this gentleman out;" stammered the master of the mansion; and as the slave held wide open the door of the room, Whitlaw felt that nothing was left him but to walk through it; which in truth he did, with as little delay as possible; for the thought had struck him, that he must have, unhappily, bestowed the speeches intended for the bold, fighting, queller of riots, upon the peaceful but pitiful kidnapper of children. Determined, however, upon satisfying his mind on the subject, he drew a splendid quarter of a dollar from his pocket as he approached the door of the house, and slipped it into the negro's hand, saying, as he lingered a moment on the steps,

"I say, blacky, arn't there a good story going about somebody liking a straight piccaniny better than a crooked one?" And the words being accompanied by a wink and a grin, the thoroughly propitiated slave answered, with a chuckling he! he! he!

"Sure nuff, massa—and no lie, neder."

"And 'twas him as done it?" added Whitlaw, with an expressive action of his thumb, pointing it backwards across the hall.

"Sure-ly, massa, sure-ly,—he! he! he!"

Vexed, provoked, and in some degree frightened at his own carelessness, Whitlaw muttered within his teeth, as he hurried from the door,

"D—n their instructions! I wish the old witch was here herself to tell me who's who."

Hardly was the thought formed into words, than the figure of Juno, very decently clad, however, but still the figure of Juno, came down a side street, and stood before him.

All the floating superstitions of Whitlaw's brain, seemed to crowd and settle round his heart as he recognized her. She still carried her bamboo, but it was now used for a needful walking stick, to support the steps of a feeble-looking, but very tidy old woman.

It would have been worse than "a misdoubting of Providence," if Whitlaw had not availed himself of this seemingly miraculous arrival of the counsellor he had wished for. With considerable more than usual respect, he addressed her—

"You are just the person, mother, as I wished to see; I am glad to see you look so hearty, too."

"And what has Mr. Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw to say to me?" said Juno, in return, while a new change seemed to have come over the spirit of her vagaries; for her manner was staid and steady, and her accent and pronunciation most punctiliously those of the educated English.

"Why, I want you to tell me—only this street is so unaccountably public—can't I go with you to your lodgings for a spell? 'Twould look queer, may-be, if I took you to mine."

"The least queer of the two, I think, Mr. Whitlaw; but neither is necessary. If you really have business with me, I can walk before you, down the street for about a hundred yards, which will bring us into a drying ground—none but black or colored people are like to be there, so there is no fear of incivility though we should intrude upon them. I suspect, Mr. Whitlaw, that all business between you and I is pretty well over; nevertheless, for old acquaintance' sake, I am ready to wait upon you so far."

"Thank you, Juno, thank you," replied Whitlaw, more than ever impressed with the conviction of her supernatural powers; "I will follow wherever you please, and thank you, too."

Without further parley, old Juno set off by the way she came; and just at the distance she had described, a large open space received them, around which were scattered many small, miserable-looking dwellings, inhabited by free negroes and quadroons, who took in washing.

"Here, sir, you may say whatever you please," said the old woman, turning round to him; "nobody is at all likely to hear you, and less likely still, if they did, to notice what you say."

"Its just this, Juno," said Whitlaw, in a sort of coaxing accent, that made the keen-eyed old woman smile, spite of her assumed stateliness.—"Here are lots of letters, you see, from our Colonel; and when he gave them to me, he told me a deal about every one of them;—and you, too, if you remember—you told me what was to be said to one, and not said to another; and as ill luck would have it, I have forgot it all,—or worse still, I've gone done mixed it all up in one, putting wrong names and things together till I'm in a right down bad fix."

"Let me see them, sir, if you please."

Whitlaw placed the remaining letters in her hand.

"I've given in two of them already," said he.—"The first was to Mr. Bobbin, and that did very well, for I saw his wife; but the second I made curious bad work of, for I thought that Mr. Barbaruit was the gentlemen as stood up so against the rebellion, and I complimented him about it up sky-high; and worse than that, by half, I talked to him of the mean fellow as left the crippled brat in the place of the thriving one; and I throught he'd have gone demented, sure enough."

Not all the decorum and gravity, which old Juno was evidently strugling to maintain, could resist this anecdote, so well calculated to delight her in every way. She laughed till tears rained plenteously from her eyes, and her stout bamboo shook beneath the weight she threw upon it. Even the frightened Whitlaw caught the infection, and laughed too; and it was this, indeed, rather than the fading away of her own mirth, which restored her composure.

"Well, sir! respecting which of these names," and she began to examine them as she spoke, "do you wish information?"

"All of them, Juno."

Juno proceeded to read the titles, which the bright sky of New Orleans enabled her to do, though not without some difficulty, for her eyes were not quite so good as they had been; though like all her faculties, her sight was much less impaired than is usual at her age.

"Zerubbabel Theodore Octavius Cobb—that's a man whose assistance may be very valuable to you, Mr. Whitlaw, should any commotion among the negroes at Paradise Plantation render it advisable to call in assistance. His influence among the colored people is quite astonishing. The very sight of him I should think likely to produce a prodigious effect."

"That's good," replied Whitlaw; "I'll make much of him, you may depend upon it."

"You will do quite right, sir. Brutus Pennyfeather. This is the person of whom Colonel Dart desired you would request a few of his best conditioned slaves, at almost any price: do not forget this, Mr. Whitlaw,—it may chance to be very important. Adam Byron Chesterfield Higgins. This is quite a young man, but not perhaps the less important for that reason. He has some great and very liberal views on many subjects. You must make him understand that Colonel Dart enters warmly into all his projects, and is ready to assist him with money and interest."

Whitlaw nodded. "I think I shall remember them all, now," stretching out his hand for the letters. "There is but one more, and that is to the Englishman. I know what I've got to say to him, well enough."

The eyes of Juno fell upon the name of Croft, at the moment she was about to give back the packet.

"I had forgot this," she said, in an altered voice; "this letter is useless," she added, tearing it in fragments: "you have no occasion to visit this person at all."

"That's strange, though," said Whitlaw, "because it was plain to me that my calling on Mr. Croft was my most particular business of all. This is the man, Juno, who is come over sea to sell that first rate fine estate, that the Colonel wants to get hold of,—Nixton, you know, Juno—there's no land like it. I shall catch it, I expect, for your tearing that letter up."

"No, sir, no!" cried Juno, impatiently; "the colonel has no longer any wish to buy that land;—therefore, your calling on Mr. Croft, would only be useless trouble, and wasting time that you might turn to better advantage at New Orleans, Mr. Whitlaw."

"I expect that's true, too," he replied, perfectly persuaded that he was alluding to her occult knowlege of his successful play, and that her words predicted continued good fortune. "I won't waste no more time than I can help, I promise you that, Juno; and so good morning. We shall meet again, I suppose, at Paradise Plantation, before long; but in case I should want a touch of your help, or your knowledge, Juno, or the like, I should like to know where you bide in the city. Is it a long remove from here?—I expect not."

"When you want me, you will find me," replied Juno, with a touch of her wonted mysticism.

"And that's true again, I have no doubt; I don't forget this morning; so good-bye."

Juno gave a silent nod in return, and then waved her bamboo, as in days of yore, in sign of dismissal. The signal was immediately obeyed, and they parted; Whitlaw pursuing his way to the abode of Mr. Pennyfeather, and Juno retreating to the obscure quarter where she made her home.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

Whitlaw's eagerness to find himself again at the billiard-table, was very greatly increased, by the manner in which he fancied that Juno had alluded to the success that would attend him there. Nevertheless, he determined, for many reasons—among which, perhaps, his secret belief that Juno knew all his actions was not the least powerful—to deliver his three remaining letters while her instructions respecting them were still fresh in his memory.

As nothing of importance to the narrative occurred at either of the houses he visited—as he committed no blunders, and made acquaintance with no more dispensers of orange blossoms, we shall pass over all that related to them, in silence.

He contrived to get all this business done by an early hour in the evening, and then repaired to the neighborhood of the French theatre, once again to propitiate the goddess he adored. Though it is not necessary to follow him there, in order again to witness his skillful display of all the talents most valued and best rewarded in that region, it may, nevertheless, be observed, in passing, that he was again eminently successful, as this will serve to explain his disobedience to the last injunctions received from Juno.

It was while enjoying that delicious wakefulness which sometimes results from having too many pleasant thoughts at work within one, for the approach of sleep to be either wished for or permitted, that our hero conceived the magnificent idea that he might, perhaps, himself become the purchaser of the Nixton property. A few more such nights, and the thing might be done, even if he had a Yankee, instead of an Englishman, to deal with. Even suppose that luck might not continue to run quite so much in his favor, he was pretty sure that, on such security, his father might easily be induced to help him "pretty considerable:" in short, before his sleeping had succeeded in chasing his waking dreams, he had fully decided upon calling upon Mr. John Croft, on the morrow.

His first sensations, on waking, were delightful. The present, actual, and certain state of his pocket-book, together with the probable and future state of his fortune, opened upon his mind as brightly as the sun shot through his musquito curtains; and he sprang from his bed, with the alacrity of a refreshed wrestler, prepared for new struggles and new triumphs.

Nothing could exceed the delicacy of the breakfast with which he opened the history of the day.—Having locked up his precious pocket-book in his trunk, and locked up his trunk in a closet, and locked up the closet in his bedroom, despite the probable anathemas of the slave, whose task it was to "fix his chamber," he sallied forth, leaving the substantial comforts of the boarding-house breakfast behind him; and with conscious extravagance, but well-merited indulgence, entered the Paris-like saloon of the most celebrated restaurant in New Orleans. The *carte* was put into his hands; and as an English version of its contents was considerately appended, Mr. Whitlaw soon saw the marble table before him assume an aspect which made him, in the inmost recesses of his soul, do honor to the game of billiards.

Immediately before him, lay a snow-white napkin, enveloping a small loaf, almost as white; a chicken, hardly exceeding the age at which Elia would have chosen his pig, lay fried, and cradled amidst delicately green corn. To the right, two Maintenon cutlets of the same infantine dimensions, contrasted their transparent paper clothing with the wreath of grilled oysters which surrounded them.—To the left, exhaling an odor which none but an eater can understand, reeked one of those matchless wild fowl, which to taste, or even to dream of with some touch of truth, one must cross the Atlantic.—And then, here and there, in most admired disorder, but all within reach of the commanding hand, stood a cooler, ornamented with ice, from which peeped up a tall, thin neck, encircled with a necklace, inscribed, "chablis,"—while another, of like fashion, announced itself as champagne. At one corner, slices of pine-apple were laid temptingly on ice; at the answering one, appeared figs, of most rare quality; but, as if to keep them warm, instead of cold, each one closely enveloped in three or four of its own thick leaves; and in and out, among them all, were sundry minor dainties, too numerous to mention.

For one long, but too fleet hour, did Whitlaw sit before this little table, ere the glass beside him rang to the touch of his knife; and then the fragrant bowl of coffee entered, flanked by the little glass of cogniac. At length the joy was ended, and the bill was paid—almost without a sigh; and Jonathan Jefferson stepped forth in his strength, with the ardent hope of achieving that by barter and address, which should forever furnish forth such banquets. He had no letter to deliver, nor any other introduction to offer, than what his own wit could suggest. But his breakfast had in some sort, inspired him, and he rang Mr. Croft's bell with a strength and courage, made up of the remembrance of his swelling pocket-book and iced wine.

The Englishman was sitting with his daughter, in a pleasant parlor, which opened upon a garden filled with oleander and orange trees. The young lady was practising the harp. Excepting the face of Lotte Steinmark, which he had not yet quite forgotten, Whitlaw thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful as the countenance that was raised upon him, as he entered the door. Notwithstanding the proverbial shyness of Englishmen, they seldom show it in receiving a guest at home; and our hero soon found himself conversing with great fluency on the business that brought him there.

"I expect there's no mistake, Mr. Croft, in the fact that you're going to dispose of your interest in Nixton estate?"

"No mistake at all, sir," replied Mr. Croft; I came from England on purpose to look after the sale myself.

"You could not have taken a more prudent step, sir. Depend upon it, there's no trusting to agents—you're sure to be cheated."

"Indeed, sir!—that's giving no good character to your men of business. But it was no fear of that kind which brought me out; I chose to come myself for several reasons; first, I wanted to see your fine country; and next, I was told it would be likely to be serviceable to my daughter, who has not been quite well of late; and lastly, I had nothing else to do, having given up business of all kinds."

"Why, sir, with a tolerable good estate in possession, a man did'nt ought to think over much of business. But may be you have a large family to provide for?"

"I can hardly say that, sir; this young lady is my only child." Whitlaw looked again at Miss Croft, and this time decided that she was even handsomer than Lotte.

"Well, Mr. Croft, I shall be happy, sir, if I can be the means of saving you any trouble; and if you have to deal with me, you will at least be in the hands of an honest man. I have been thinking, sir, that I might like to become the purchaser myself, of that hit as you've got to sell."

"It can hardly be called a hit, sir," replied Mr. Croft, very quietly, "because the estate is as whole and complete as any property can be. But it is of little consequence what you call it, provided you are disposed to give the value. May I take the liberty of asking your name, sir?"

"My name is Whitlaw;—Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, though but a young man, I have some money at my disposal; and if we can deal, I shall be well content to place it on landed security. Have you at all made up your mind as to what you would take for it, Mr. Croft?"

"The question is a very plain one, Mr. Whitlaw, and I see no reason why it should not receive a plain answer. I am told, sir, that the property at Nixton, including the uncleared as well as cleared, ought to fetch fifty thousand dollars."

This was at least one fourth more than Whitlaw had calculated; and he felt rather at a loss how to proceed with a negotiation which he knew was greatly beyond his power to complete, even if assisted by every dollar his father could bring forward. But while one scheme seemed melting away, another was gradually, and very pleasantly getting possession of his fancy. Why might he not get Nixton without paying for it at all? Why might he not marry Mr. Croft's only child? If she would but think him as handsome as Mrs. Bobbin did, the thing would be settled at once; for it was impossible to suppose that any Christian man would contradict the wish of his only daughter, and she in delicate health, too. These thoughts took but a moment in passing through his brain, and the next sufficed to suggest to him, that his best chance of pleasing both father and daughter, without setting them together by the ears about him, was to impress them both with a sufficient idea of his wealth and consequence. With this object, he again addressed Mr. Croft on the subject of the sale, though in truth, he had no more idea of achieving it, than his good aunt Cli might have had of becoming the purchaser from the profits of her bacon and dairy.

"Well, Mr. Croft," said he, very civilly, "I am not prepared to say, sir, that you are putting too high a value on your estate; but the fact is, that it is considerable more than I looked to hear, and I'm afraid it may pass my means. You see, sir, the fact is, that my father, Mr. Jonathan Whitlaw, of Mount Etna, —"

"Mount Etna!" softly exclaimed the beautiful Selina.

These were the first words she had spoken, and they immediately riveted the attention of the admiring Whitlaw. "Did you speak, Miss?" said he very respectfully.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for having broken in upon your conversation by my foolish exclamation,—it really was involuntary. But it seemed so strange to hear any person spoken of as being of Mount Etna."

"Such names are by no means out of the common way in this country, Selina," said her father, rather reproachfully. "Pray Mr. Whitlaw, go on."

"Well, sir, as I was saying, my father is a gentleman, in possession of a pretty considerable handsome estate, called Mount Etna, which seems to amuse the charming younglady so much. Now, sir, when a gentleman has got a landed estate, it stands to reason, that he is not likely to have at the same time, such a deal of the ready, as would be called for to make good this purchase. Nevertheless, I expect that between us, we could come pretty nigh upon it, and may be you wouldn't altogether dislike to have a portion of the purchase-money left on mortgage?"

"I am sorry to say, sir," replied Mr. Croft, "that I could not agree to that. My object is to close my accounts with this country, altogether. I have no reason, whatever, to complain of my tenant at Nixton; but I have, nevertheless, found it very inconvenient to hold property at such a distance."

"I expect that's possible. And this charming young lady, what does she think of our fine country, Mr. Croft?"

"She likes the warm climate, exceedingly; but the country seems rather flat to those who are accustomed to the scenery of England."

It is probable that Mr. Croft thought this as much civility, time, and conversation, as it was necessary to bestow on a stranger, who had made a proposal which he did not mean to accept; for he not only ceased to speak, but began looking over, and arranging, different bills, receipts, and other papers, which lay on the table before him. Young Whitlaw, however, if he understood the hint, felt no inclination to profit by it; but turning from the father to the daughter, he set very seriously to work, upon an undertaking every way important to him—namely, the winning grace and favor in the eyes of the beautiful Miss Croft.

"'Tis an unaccountable fine climate, Miss, this of ours, that's a fact; and the country isn't that bad, neither, I promise you, if you do but get upon the steamboats, and go far enough. Do you approbate the theatre, Miss Croft? I should be first-rate happy if I might be your beau, now and then, to show you the sights."

Miss Croft was not a young lady of fashion, nor did she affect any fastidious refinement beyond her station; which was that of a very respectable merchant's only child, educated at one of the best schools in Liverpool, of which city her father was a native, and beyond which, neither her knowledge or her wishes, had carried her. She was not yet seventeen, and her time had been, hitherto, chiefly occupied by the study of those ornamental accomplishments, to which her large fortune gave her a right to aspire. Her reading, beyond her mere class-books, was almost confined to poetry, for which she had a fondness that approached almost to passion. But, like all very strong feelings, it was nourished in silence, and no one living had the least idea, that the pale and gentle Selina secretly worshipped a species of glowing idol, that made all earthly things seem tame beside it.

Such being the peculiar tone of the young lady's mind, it is not very extraordinary that Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw failed to produce the effect he desired. Indeed, there was something in his accent, manner, and appearance, though he was unquestionably a handsome man, which was very peculiarly disagreeable to her; and at this proposition of becoming "her beau," and showing her "the sights," she felt something extremely like a shudder, creep over her; and looking appealingly at her father, she, too, had recourse to some papers lying on the music desk, that stood before her, and answered not a word.

It is possible that the lovely blush which dyed her cheeks, as she turned her eyes from the young man to her desk, might have beguiled a less vain person than Whitlaw, into thinking that her silence was not unaccompanied with emotion. Nor indeed, was it; though, of a kind as far removed as possible from any he wished to inspire; but to him, it seemed a "most gracious silence;" and with a smile which, if she had seen it, would have been, if possible, more distasteful than his words, he turned from her, after a long unbridled gaze, and said to her father, as he rose to go,

"I expect, Mr. Croft, that I shall have to see you, sir, on business quite of a private nature, before I leave the city."

"Sir!" responded Mr. Croft, in a tone of the most unaffected surprise.

"I calculate, sir, that we must contrive to do business together, somehow, before we part; and I don't count upon your finding my proposals altogether unworthy of attention. I've great expectations, Mr. Croft, from more quarters than one, but I'll say no more for the present. Good day to you, sir. Miss Selina Croft, ma'am, I have the honor of wishing you a very good day."

The daughter bowed, the father rang the bell, and Mr. Whitlaw departed.

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DAVID RUGGLES,
Editor of the Mirror of Liberty,
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